A SACRED POEM
Wherein
The BIRTH MIRACLES
DEATH RESURRECTION
and ASCENSION of the
Most Holy Jesus
are delineated
With
His Prayer before his
APPREHENSION
Also
Eighteen of DAVID'S
PSALMS with the Book
of LAMENTATIONS
PARAPHRAS'D.
Together with Poems
on several Occasions.
By
James Chamberlayne Gent.

LONDON
Printed f ... Russel street in Covent Ga...n

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The Birth, Miracles, Death, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion of the moſt Holy

JESUS

Are Delineated.

With his PRAYER before his Apprehenſion.

Alſo Eighteen of *David's Pſalms*, with the Book of *Lamentations*,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Together

With POEMS on ſeveral Occaſions.

By *James Chamberlaine.*

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10/7/42

TO THE

READER.

I Never did design, when first I set about these ensuing Miscellanies to expose them to every Eye: For I truly judg'd, that having little other help than my Mother-Tongue to assist me therein, nothing worthy of a publick View could be produc'd

by me. My only aim was to compose some few things for my private Devotion, and that I might not trifle away too much of that time, which God hath given me, having no Calling to follow, nor Publick Concern to divert me.

But contrary to this my first intention, I have been prevail'd with (through the perswasion of an intimate Friend of mine, who had the perusal of these when they were finished, and who believed, they might be useful to promote holy desires in the sincere Christian) to make them publick. I therefore deem it necessary to acquaint thee concerning the History of our Saviour's Birth and Passion, (that thou may'st not expect more in it than I intended) that I never did design a exact Relation of all that is Recorded concerning him in the four Evangelists

vangeliſts. My purpoſe was, only to Paraphraſe the two firſt Chapters of Saint *Luke*, and the ſeventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth Chapters of Saint *John*. With theſe when I had finiſh'd, (upon the review) I thought convenient, where handſomely I could, to intermix ſome few material Paſſages out of the other Evangeliſts, to make the draught more full and clear.

If what I have done ſhall prove an help to further any particular Perſon in his Devotion, or excite an abler Pen to undertake, and complete what here ſhall be found imperfect, I ſhall think my ſelf (with reſpect to my firſt intentions) more than ſufficiently recompenſed; and with patience ſhall endure the many Cenſures *I* am like to meet with from ſeveral perſons, for preſuming (in an Age, in which Poe-

try is arriv'd to that height of perfection as now it is) to bring on the publick Theatre a Muſe ſo meanly habited as mine. From the truly Pious *I* queſtion not but to receive a gentle and charitable conſtruction for this Action, and for my other ſort of Readers *I* value not their ſevereſt Cenſures.

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DEDICATION.

1.

THis little Book, my God and King,
The first fruits of my Muse, I bring
Unto thy Throne, an Offering.

2.

'Twould look more lovely, I confess,
Were it attir'd in the dress
Of abler Pens, than in my Verse;

3.

But since my Numbers could not flow
In loftier Strains, than here they do,
For Reasons Thou and I do know:

4.

Accept the Present; though it be
Too mean a Gift for Majesty,
- ord, 'tis my All, and due to Thee.

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A SACRED
POEM.

The Birth of S. John *and the moſt holy* Jeſus, Luke *the firſt.*

SInce there are many who have undertook,
Of thoſe great Wonders, to compile a Book,
Which of late years were in this Nation done,
Juſt in that order as they were made known
To them, by thoſe who at the ſame time were
Eye-witneſſes of what they did declare;
To me, who from the firſt have underſtood
Exactly ſev'ral things, it ſeemed good,
To write, Divine *Theophilus*, to thee,
This following matter, as 'twas told to me:
That thou the truth of all thoſe things may'ſt (know,
Which I ſuppoſe was taught thee long ago.

In *Herod's* days, who King of *Jewry* was,
There liv'd a ſacred Prieſt call'd *Zacha'ras*,

One of *Abia*'s Courſe; he had to Wife
Elizabeth, of an Exemplar life
The Virgin was, before ſhe knew his Bed;
Nor was ſhe leſs devout when married.
Both righteous were; both blameleſly did live,
In all thoſe Laws God to the Jews did give.
No Child they had, nor e're were like to have;
Elizabeth too old was to Conceive.
It came to paſs, while that he went to burn
Within the Temple Incenſe in his turn,
Before the Lord, and all the People were
Without devoutly on their knees at Pray'r;
On the right hand o'th' flaming Altar he
Perceiv'd an Angel of the Lord to be:
His aged Limbs, ſcar'd at the Viſion, ſhook;
Trembling he ſtood, until the Angel ſpoke.

The Promiſe of John's *Birth and Office.*

Fear not, ſaid he, thy Prayers are heard; a Son
Thy Wife ſhall bear, and thou ſhalt call him
(*John*:
Thouſands of hearts glad at his birth ſhall be,
As well as thou, and praiſe the Lord with thee
He ſhall be great in the Almighty's ſight,
For abſtinence a perfect *Nazarite*;
Not taſting Drink that's ſtrong, nor any Wine;
Endu'd early with the Spirit Divine:
Many of *Iſr'el*'s Children to the Lord
Shall be converted by his pow'rful Word.

He ſhall before the true *Meſſiah* go,
I'th' Pow'r and Spirit of *Elijah*; ſo
That he ſhall make the Ceremonious *Jews*
Admire Juſtice, and her Paths to chuſe;
And ſo prepare them to be wiſe, that they
Shall Chriſt receive, and his Commands obey.
How ſhall I know, ſince I am now grown old,
Said *Zacharias*, what thou haſt foretold
Shall come to paſs? my Wife is likewiſe known,
Through heatleſs age, paſt hopes to have a Son.
Gabriel's my name; by the great God's command,
Before whoſe ſacred preſence I do ſtand,
With theſe glad Tydings I am ſent to thee;
But ſince thou faithleſs art, and wilt not be
Perſwaded of the truth of what I ſay,
Deaf ſhalt thou be, and dumb, until that day
Thine aged Wife ſhall bring forth to thy joy,
From her now barren Womb, this promis'd Boy.
Long did the People, with amazement, wait
For *Zacharias*, at the Temple Gate:
Forth at the length the aged Prieſt did come,
Deaf, as the Angel ſaid, and likewiſe dumb;
Soon they perceiv'd ſomething reveal'd had been
By a wing'd Herald, which he there had ſeen:
Beck'ning he ſtood, but could not for his heart,
What he had heard and ſeen to them impart.

The Conception of S. John Baptiſt.

It came to paſs, ſo ſoon as he had done
His prieſtly Office, and the Crowd was gone,

The ſilent Prieſt departed to his home,
And ſtreight his Wife receiv'd a pregnant Womb.
Five Months from home, not willing to abide
The People's Cenſure, ſhe withdrew aſide;
Although, aſſur'd ſhe was, her marr'age Bed
Was never ſtain'd with a diſloyal deed.
She knew this Mercy in her aged days,
Was an unwonted Gift; and ſo gave praiſe
Unto the Lord, who had remov'd that day
From her the ſhame of barrenneſs away.

In the ſixth Month the glorious *Gabriel* came
From the Almighty, to a Town, whoſe name
Was *Nazareth*; within whoſe happy Wall
There liv'd a Virgin, whom they *Mary* call:
Youthful and florid, as the blooming-*May*,
Devout and piouſly imploy'd each day;
Of Body chaſt, and humble too in mind,
In whom all Heavenly Graces brightly ſhin'd.
She was betroth'd to *Joſeph* for a Wife;
A man all juſt, and of a pious life:
And was deſcended from that valiant King
Who *Iſr'el* freed with a ſmooth Stone and Sling.
To her the Angel came, as ſhe alone
On bended Knees was praying to the Throne
Of the great God, and thus to her he ſaid:

The Salutation.

Hail, thou moſt lovely perſon, happy Maid!
The Lord is with thee; thou art highly bleſt
Of all thy Sex thou art the happieſt. Who

When ſhe beheld the glorious Meſſenger,
Who in this manner had ſaluted her;
A Roſy Bluſh diffus'd it ſelf all o're
Her lovely Face, and ſhame-fac'd on the Flore
She caſt her Eyes, troubled, and in her mind
ſeeking th' importance of his words to find;
But while ſhe muſing was, ſilence he broke,
And thus the borrow'd Form to *Mary* ſpoke,

The Promiſe of Conception of the moſt Holy Jeſus.

Fear not, thou lovely Maid; from Heavens King,
Before whoſe Face thou haſt found Grace, I bring
Moſt joyful news; Thou ſhalt conceive a Son,
Who ſhall to *Iſr'el* bring Salvation:
Him thou ſhalt *Jeſus* call; he great ſhall be,
The happy product of Divinity.
He ſhall his Father *David*'s Throne aſcend;
His Scepter over *Iſr'el* ſhall extend:
Of his Dominion there ſhall be no end.
To him the Rulers of the Earth ſhall bring
Their borrow'd Crowns, and own him as their King.
How can I hope, bleſt *Gabriel*, ſaid ſhe,
While I a Virgin am, that this to me
Can ever happen? to conceive a Son,
A thing ne're heard off, nor was ever known:
Thy God doth know how I have always led
A ſingle life, and ne're defil'd my Bed.
Therefore, ſaid *Gabriel*, from the glorious Throne
Of the moſt High, his Spirit ſhall come down,

And fruitful make thine hallow'd Womb, to bear
Jesus, the Son of God, thy Saviour.
What I have said, th' Almighty will fulfill:
His Pow'r is able to effect his Will:
And as a Token that thou shalt conceive,
She who is barren, call'd *Elizabeth*,
Is now with Child: To *Zach'ry* I brought down
The joyful Message of a wisht-for Son.
Six Months with Child she's gone; with God (there's nought,
How strange soe're, but he can bring't about.

The Conception it self.

Behold, said she, the Handmaid of the Lord;
Be it to me according to thy Word.
For ever, Lord, thy Glorious Name be prais'd,
Who, from a low and abject State hast rais'd
And in renown exalted me, above
The rest of Women, by this mark of Love.

Mary's *saluting* Elizabeth.

No sooner *Gabriel* had his Message done,
But back he flew to Heaven's Glorious Throne;
Up from her bended Knees the Virgin rose,
And straightway went to *Zacharia*'s house,
Within *Judeas* hilly Country, where
She found her Cousin, and saluted her.

The welcome Greeting did no ſooner ſound
Within her Ears, but ſhe the Infant found
To leap within her Womb; and ſtraight her Breaſt
With a Prophetick Spirit was poſſeſt,
And thus ſhe ſpake.

Elizabeth's *Exclamation.*

Bleſſed art thou, moſt lovely Maid, above
The reſt of Women in th' Almighty's Love;
Bleſſed, for ever Bleſſed, is that Son
Of the Great God, within thy Virgin Zone!
O what a joy is it for me to ſee
The Mother of my Lord to viſit me!
For loe, mine ears no ſooner heard thy Voice,
But in my Womb the Infant did rejoyce.
Bleſſed art thou, becauſe thou didſt believe
The Angels Meſſage; it ſhall never grieve
Thee, that thy Faith was ſo much wrought upon,
For e're nine Months thou ſhalt bring forth this Son.
Then *Mary* ſaid,

Magnificat.

My Soul doth praiſe the Lord for evermore,
And Spirit joyes in God my Saviour;
For he regarded hath the low eſtate
Of his poor Servant, and hath made her great.
So great, that Generations henceforth ſhall
Reſpect my name, and highly Bleſſed call.

For he, that mighty is, great things hath done
For me, beyond imagination.
His Mercy is from Age to Age on them
Who ſerve him; bleſſed be his Glorious Name.
He with his Pow'rful Arm hath to the great
And proud Deſigners given a Defeat:
He from their Seats the Mighty hath put down,
And rais'd the humble Soul unto a Crown.
He hath the needy with good things ſupply'd;
But to the proud his Mercies hath deny'd.
He, in remembrance of his promiſe made
To *Abra'm* and his Seed, hath now made glad,
And holpen *Iſr'el*; for within my Womb
There lies incles'd the promis'd Seed to come.

S. John's *Birth.*

Well nigh three Months within her Couſins Houſe,
Remain'd the lovely new betrothed Spouſe
Of *Joſeph*; till ſhe plainly did perceive (ſave:
Her Womb contain'd him who the World ſhould
Then ſhe took leave, and forthwith to her home
Poor and deſpiſed *Nazareth* did come.
Some few days after of a lovely Boy
Eliz'beth was deliver'd, to the joy
Of all her Neighbours; her Relations were
Glad, when they heard how God a Son and Heir
Had given to her, and had Mercy ſhown,
Making her pregnant, who was barren known.
On

On the Eighth Day they all together came
To Circumciſe, and give the Child a Name:
The bloody Act perform'd, they voted all
Him by the name of *Zachary* to call;
But when the Mother heard how they her Son
Had *Zachary* nam'd, ſhe gave the name of *John*.
They told her none of her Relations were
Call'd by that Name, as ever they could hear.
Unto the Father they made ſigns to know
How he would have him call'd, & 't ſhould be ſo:
He made them ſigns to have a Book; which (brought
Within it *John*, unto their wonder, wrote.
Which having done, his Tongue immediately
From its reſtraint was ſet at liberty:
And, in moſt thankful manner, the firſt thing
Was the Almighty's praiſe which he did ſing.
When they heard this, who round about did (dwell,
A reverential fear upon them fell;
Believing all, this Child in time would prove
Some mighty man, whom Heaven ſo did love;
Who in the Womb, and ever ſince hath been,
By God ſo favour'd as was never ſeen.

Old *Zacharias*, who was muſing on
What *Gabriel* ſaid, of his and *Mary*'s Son,
A ſacred flame aroſe within his Breaſt,
And thus divinely ſung the inſpir'd Prieſt.

Benedictus.

Benedictus.

Bleſt be the God of *Iſra'l*, and eſteem'd,
Who hath his People viſited and Redeem'd,
And rais'd, within his ſervant *Davids* houſe,
A mighty King and Saviour unto us;
As by his holy Prophets mouths he ſpake,
Which have been ſince he the vaſt World did (make
That we ſhould be delivered from all thoſe
Who are our ſecret, or our open Foes,
To keep his mercy, which he promiſed
To our Fore-fathers, and their num'rous Seed;
The Oath he ſwore to *Abraham* on this wiſe,
That he would free us from our Enemies;
That we ſecurely may devote our days,
To do his Will, and ſing his worthy praiſe.
And thou, my Child, of the moſt High I know
Shalt be a mighty Prophet; thou ſhalt go,
Before the Chriſt, t' inſtruct the World how (they
May him imbrace and all his Laws obey:
To teach them how, when they have evil done,
Through him they may obtain Remiſſion;
All through the mercy of our God, whereby
Chriſt hath to us deſcended from on high,
To give them Light who do in Blindneſs ſit,
Within the Vale of Death, and guide our Feet

Into

Into the path of peace; which pleaſant way
Will lead us all to joys which ne're decay.
Thus ſung the aged Prieſt, unto his joy;
In Spirit ſtrong, and ſtature grew the Boy.

John's *Education.*

Within the Mountains of *Judea*, he
Severely paſt his tender Infancy;
There he abode, until the day wherein
His Miniſterial Function did begin.
Now, in the forty fourth year of his Raign.
The great *Auguſtus Cæſar* did ordain,
And ſtrictly charge, that all in every Town
Within the *Roman* Empire, ſhould ſet down
Their Names, & Fortunes, in thoſe Cities where
Their Anceſtors were born, of whom they were:
When this firſt Taxing was by *Cæſar* made,
Cyrenius for his Province *Syria* had;
To their reſpective Cities each one went
To be enroll'd in *Cæſar's* Government.
From *Galilee*, out of *Naz'reth*, *Joſeph* came,
With *Mary* big with Child to *Bethlehem*;
Becauſe they both of *David's* Princely Race
Deſcended were, who born was in that place.
It came to paſs they were no ſooner there,
But *Mary* found the happy time drew near,
Wherein ſhe muſt her firſt born Son bring forth;
The Word by whom God made both Heav'n and Earth.

The Birth of Christ.

Within the Inn no room she could obtain,
Although she sought it o're and o're again;
Into the Stable she was forc'd to go:
Then on the ground her Knees did humbly bow
And in the midst of glorious thoughts, the Son
Of the Most High brought forth without a
(groa
In Swadling-Cloaths she wrapp'd her First-bor
(Chil
And on the Straw she laid him; in the Field
Were Shepheards, who by nightly turns did
(lod
Unto their innocent and wealthy Flock;
When lo an Angel from the glittering Thron
Of the Almighty came, and round them shon
The daz'ling brightness of his presence made
The watchful Shepheards terribly affraid;

The Publication of Christ's Birth.

Fear not, said he, most joyful News I brin
To you, and all the World; this day a King,
And a Redeemer's born, the Christ is He:
To *Bethle'm* haste, and your Salvation see.
Yet, that you may not when you come
(mistak
And for the Lord of Life, another take;
Within

Within a Stable you ſhall find him lye.
With none but *Joſeph*, and his Mother by.
Then with the Angel of the Lord there ſtood
An Hoſt of heav'nly Spirits praiſing God,
Singing this following Hymn—By thoſe above,
Angels, Archangels, to the God of Love
Be glory given, for this Infants Birth;
And to the good a laſting peace on Earth.
Up from the Earth unto Heav'ns radiant (Throne,
This bleſſed Quire was no ſooner gone;
But that the trembling Shepheards, by conſent,
To ſee what they were told, to *Bethle'm* went:
Thither they came, & there the Child they ſaw
Lye in the Stable on a heap of Straw
With *Joſeph* and his Wife, abroad they ſpread,
What they had ſeen, and what the Angel ſaid;
And all who heard them with amazement were
Seiz'd at the Story, which they did declare.
But *Mary* ponder'd theſe things o're and o're,
And grew in Faith, and knowledg more & more.
Back to their Flocks the joyful Shepheards went;
And all the time of their returning ſpent
In glorifying of th' Almighty's Name,
For all thoſe things which he reveal'd to them.

The Circumciſion.

On the eighth day after the Child was born,
The pious *Joſeph* early in the Morn,

With

With his Redeemer to th' ~~Assembly~~ came,
Who Circumcised was, and by the Name
Of *Jesus* call'd; as *Gabriel* order gave
Unto the Virgin, e're she did conceive.
And when her forty days accomplisht were
According to the Law, they did repair
With the *Messiah* to *Jerusalem*;

His Presentation in the Temple.

Where, to the Priest, they both presented him
For by the Law, the First-born Male among
The *Jews*, unto Jehovah did belong;
E're since that fatal night wherein he smote
Ægypts First-born, and thence his *Isr'el* brought
Two Turtle Doves she for her self did bring,
(Although a poor yet legal Offering:)
Unto the Lord, from out the bleating Flock,
A Lamb she could not purchase with her Stock

Within the Town of *Solyma* liv'd one,
Who just and pious was, call'd *Simeon*,
Full of the Holy Ghost, attending there
When *Isr'els* Consolation would appear:
To him the Spirit did reveal, that he
Should e're he dy'd the promis'd Blessing see
He by divine impulse to th' Temple came,
Just as the Father and his pious Dame
Arriv'd with the blest Off-spring of her Womb
To do for him what the strict Law did doom:

Where

Where in his preſence they a tender made
Of their Firſt-born, and his cheap ranſome paid;
Then in his feeble Arms old *Simeon* took
The heav'nly Babe, and thus divinely ſpoke.—

Nunc Dimittis.

Lord, let me now into the ſilent Grave
In peace depart, ſince with mine Eyes I have
Beheld the Chriſt, which thou haſt long foretold,
Whom now thy People in this place behold;
A Light to thoſe who do in Darkneſs dwell,
And the great Glory of thine *Iſrael.*
Joſeph and *Mary* much ſurprized were,
At thoſe myſterious Truths the rev'rend Seer,
Concerning Jeſus, in that place declar'd;
Such as before their Ears had never heard.

Simeons *Prophecy.*

Then *Simeon* bleſt them; and to *Mary* ſaid,—
Behold this Child of thine, thou lovely Maid,
Is for the ruine of the Ungodly ſent,
And the redemption of the Penitent:
And for a Sign in *Iſr'el* he ſhall ſtand;
'Gainſt whom the wicked of the World ſhall (band;
That all the thoughts of men which are con-(ceal'd,
Both of the good and bad, may be reveal'd.

And

And thou, the Mother of this bleſſed Son,
When thou behold'ſt their barb'rous cruelty,
Shalt find thy Soul with ſorrow over-run;
Some great affliction it ſhall bring to thee.

Anna's *Prophecy.*

Into the Temple at this inſtant came,
Of *Aſers* Tribe, a Widdow, who by name
Was *Hannah* call'd, who in her younger life,
But ſeven years had liv'd a married Wife.
Eighty and four years old, this woman was,
A ſtrict obſerver of the Jewiſh Laws;
Who duly did the Temple-Prayers frequent,
And every Week two days in Faſting ſpent.
She likewiſe thank'd the Lord, and ſpoke of him
To all who dwelt within *Jeruſalem.*

Now when the Parents had the Law fulfill'd
Both unto *Bethlem* with the bleſſed Child
Return'd again, where for a while they were,
Till in a Dream th' Almighty did appear
To *Joſeph*, with a ſtrict command, that he
Should take the Child, and into *Ægypt* flee:
There they remain'd until the Tyrant's death,
And afterwards return'd to *Nazareth.*
In Spirit ſtrong and Stature Jeſus grew,
Whom God with mighty Wiſdome did indue.
When twelve years old the bleſſed Jeſus was
His Parents who devoutly kept the Laws

Of the great God, the time now drawing near
To celebrate the annual Passover;
Took this same hopeful Child along with them
To keep this great Feast at *Jerusalem:*
And when the days of it accomplisht were,
Joseph and *Mary* homewards did repair,
With their Acquaintance, and Relations, who
In *Naz'reth* did dwell, or near thereto.

Christ's stay at Jerusalem, *and conferring with the Doctors.*

Onwards they travell'd, but ne're mist their (Son,
Who in *Jerus'lem* staid; to them unknown
Until they had a whole days Journey gone.
Then 'mongst their Kindred and their Friends (they went,
Inquiring for him, but no news they learnt.
With thoughtful care for their neglect of him,
They back return'd unto *Jerusalem.*
After a three days search, their Child they found
Within the Temple Porch, encompass'd round
With the most noted Rabbies of the *Jews,*
Asking such things which did the Scribes a- (muse;
So that they all with wonder seised were
At his wise answers, and discourses there.
When 'midst the learned of the Jewish Land
His Mother and her Husband saw him stand,

Th' amazed Virgin to her Son did go;
Jesus, said she, thou did'st unkindly do,
To raise such fears within thy Fathers mind,
And mine, as thou did'st by thy stay behind;
But he reply'd, the fittest place for me
Is where I am; know ye not I must be
About my Fathers business? But they could
Not this mysterious Speech of his unfold.
However back to *Nazareth* he came,
With his ore-joyed Parents: at that same
Laborious Calling eighteen years he wrought,
Which *Joseph* did profess, and him had taught;
And to their just Commands was never known
To shew himself a disrespectful Son.

His Baptism.

Up to the Age of thirty years being grown
He forthwith went to be Baptiz'd by *John*,
(Who at the River *Jordan* was that time
Baptizing sev'ral that did come to him;)
But *John* this Office at the first did wave,
Until the Ever-blest such Reasons gave
To have it done, that, in the Peoples sight,
He there conferr'd on him that needful Rite.
When lo, th' Eternal Spirit from above
Hov'ring, descended on him as a Dove:
And from the Clouds at that same time was (heard
A thundring Voice, which these same words
declar'd;

This is my well-beloved Son, in whom
I am well pleas'd; who from my self did come,
On purpose to reveal my Will below,
That all might know what 'tis they ought to do.
Jesus indu'd with power from on high,
Took on him now the publick Ministry:
And taught the People Doctrines so Divine,
The Sun not clearer than their Truths did shine;
Confirming them with Wonders, such as ne're
Eye saw before, nor ear did ever hear.

MIRACLE I.

Jesus *his turning Water into Wine, at a Marriage Feast, in* Cana *of* Galilee.

THe first he wrought was in a certain Town
Of *Galilee*, by th' Name of *Cana* known,
Where the blest Virgin to a Nuptial Feast,
Was by the Bridegroom call'd to be a Guest.
Jesus, and his Disciples, likewise were
Bid with some others, and all present there.
Down sate the Bridegroom chearful as the day,
And by his side the blushing Bride, all gay.
The welcome Guests around the Table sate,
With sev'ral sorts of healthful Viands fraight.
All Dinner while a diligent Slave did stand,
With watchful Eye, and with a ready hand,

Behind each Gueſt, to fetch what he did need,
Not with a Leaden-heel, but nimble ſpeed.
No looſe Diſcourſes at the Table were,
Civil the Gueſts were, no Buffoon was there.
One who imagines he doth glory get,
To be diſcourtive in the dregs of Wit;
Yet harmleſs mirth, and flowing Goblets went
Around the Board, till all the Wine was ſpent.
Mary, who knew the Bridegrooms Store was (gone
Unto her Son, the want of Wine made known
She told him 'twas a fit occaſion now
In publick his Mirac'lous Pow'r to ſhow;
By doing that they all would judge Divine,
With an Almighty Word create more Wine.
Jeſus who knew his time of action beſt,
Unwilling yet his Pow'r to manifeſt
Unto the World, he gently did repreſs
His Mothers too impatient forwardneſs;
Yet he aſſur'd her, that the Gueſts ſhould be
Supply'd with Wine, but done ſo privately,
That none but ſhe, and his Diſciples ſhould,
With thoſe who ſerv'd, the Miracle behold.
Straight to the Waiters did the Virgine go,
And what he will'd commanded them to do.
Within the Room ſix Ciſterns ſtood, each one
Holding three Firkins, all of Marble-ſtone.
Theſe in their order, on their ſev'ral Stands;
Were fill'd with Water, for to waſh the Hands

Of the invited Jews, an act prophane.
Esteeming it, to eat with hands unclean.
Up to the Brim with Water Jesus bid
The Servants fill these Vessels, which they did.
Straight he commanded one of them to bear
A full Glass of it to the Governour;
Who when he tasted of the Work Divine,
The Water turned into gen'rous Wine,
He call'd the Bridegroom of the lib'ral Feast,
And askt him why he had reserv'd his best
Of Wines till last; all men, says he, at first
Bring their best Liquors, but at last their worst.
But thou the noblest Wine, of richest taste,
After w' have freely drank, hast brought at last.
This Wonder Jesus the Eternal Son
Perform'd in *Cana*; and his Pow'r shone
So bright in his Disciples Eyes, that they
Own'd him the Son of God from that same day.

MIRACLE II.

His Cure of a Noble Man's Son, who lay Sick of a Feaver at Capernaum.

IN *Galilee* a Noble Man there was,
Belonging unto *Herod Antipas*,
Whose Son did Sick at *Capernaum* lye,
Past all the hopes of Physick's remedy;

Hearing that Jesus was to *Galilee*
Out of *Judea* come, away went he
To *Cana*, and besought him to come down
Unto his house, and heal his dying Son.
Now Christ, who knew the *Galileans* well
To be of Tempers most inflexible,
That to his Doctrin they would not be brought
To give belief, except he wonders wrought,
Resolv'd forthwith, from his tormenting pain,
To raise this Courtiers Son to health again:
But he, poor man! impatient of delay,
Thinking his Son could not out-live the day,
Importun'd Christ to come immediately,
And work this Cure before his Son did dye.
Jesus, who saw the faithful Parents Tears,
Willing to rid him of his anxious fears,
Told him he might unto his home retire,
His Son was well, and that the raging Fire
Which did inflame the Blood in every Vein,
Was now extinguisht, and all calm'd again.
Which when the Father heard he went his way,
Fully believing what the Lord did say.
Unto his house as he was trav'lling down,
The welcome news of his recover'd Son
Came to his Ears, brought by the nimble care
Of some who his domestick Servants were.
His Arms around the first Man's Neck he flung,
Tell me, said he, tell me my Friend, how long
'Tis since the burning Feaver did depart
From my recover'd Son, my dearest heart?

Juſt at the ſeventh hour thy Son, ſaid he,
Whom we concluded paſt recovery,
All on a ſudden yeſterday was well,
And ſo we left him, as theſe here can tell;
Who in the joyful news did all accord,
So home they went with their rejoycing Lord.
Arriv'd at length to his beloved Son,
After a thouſand kind expreſſions ſhown,
He in the hearing of his Wife, and thoſe
Who of his houſhold were, did ſtraight diſcloſe
The wondrous manner of his Childs great Cure,
And what great grief his fears made him endure;
And then preciſely reck'ning up the time
Of 's Sons being well, and Chriſt's ſo telling him,
They all concluded, when theſe things they (knew,
To his Almighty Word the Cure was due;
And with their Lord, to the great God did (give
Glory, and in his Son the Chriſt believe.
This ſecond Wonder Jeſus wrought when he
Came from *Judea* into *Galilee*.
No doubt but ſev'ral more were done by him,
Both in *Judea* and *Jeruſalem*,
Only theſe two (as done the firſt year) ſtand
Upon Record, writ by the faithful hand
Of his beloved *John*, and now we go,
To tell what in the next year he did do.

MIRACLE I.

In the second year of Christ's publick Ministry.

The taking of a vast draught of Fish at the command of Jesus to launch out into the Deep, &c.

ASsist me, Lord, while I the Wonders pen,
Which thou hast wrought among the (Sons of Men
Near to *Gennes'reth's* Lake as Jesus was
Teaching aright the much abused Laws
Unto the People, who long while had been
Falsly instructed by their Priests therein;
From neighb'ring Towns the Crowd did so (encreak,
That he was well nigh stifled in the Press.
Close to the Shoar two Boats a float did lye,
The one belong'd unto old *Zebedee*,
And his two Sons his Partners, *James* and *John*,
Andrew, and *Peter*, did the other own.
These, all the night, a Fishing in the Lake
Had toyling been, but ne're a Fish could take.
And now upon the Shoar all tyred stood,
Having made clean their Nets within the Flood.

Jesus

Jeſus, who 'fore he taught, theſe Boats did ſee,
With much ado, got from the Company,
And went into the Boat which did belong
To *Simon Peter*, from the gazing throng,
And cauſing him to thruſt it from the Land,
The People taught, who on the Shoar did ſtand.
When his diſcourſe was ended, and each one
Of the confuſed Rabble home were gone.
Simon, ſaid he, launch out into the Main,
And caſt your Nets, to try your Luck again,
Into the watry Chambers of the Deep,
And thence on Shoar the Scaly Dwellers ſweep.
But *Simon* told him, we have all the night
Labour'd in vain, and on no Fiſh could light,
And now at noon day, and a Sky ſerene,
To think we ſhall be more ſucceſsful than
We yet have been, is a conceit ſo vain,
That none who knows the Trade can entertain,
Nevertheleſs at thy requeſt we'll wet
Once more our Nets, although no Fiſh we get.
Then down into the deep they hopeleſs caſt,
Their fatal Engines, and inclos'd at laſt
So vaſt a draught of Fiſh, both great and ſmall,
That their Nets brake, and they were forc'd to (call
To *James* and *John*, to come and help them take
The flutt'ring Pris'oners forth the cryſtal Lake.
Come to their help, with much ado they got
Part of the loaden Net into the Boat,

Still

Still by degrees they more of it did pull,
Till they had heap'd with Fiſh their Boat ſo full
That down into the deep they ſinking were,
At which the greedy *Simon* full of fear,
Fell at the knees of Jeſus, and beſought
Him to depart out of the ſinking Boat,
For Lord (ſaid he) my Sins ſo num'rous are,
They'l render me unfit to reap a ſhare
Of this great draught, ſo great as ne're was (known,
Which is a cauſe of admiration,
To me, and my Companions, who before
Ne're ſaw the like, nor ever ſhall ſee more.
But Jeſus bid him lay aſide all fear,
They were as ſafe as if on Land they were.
Beſides, ſaid he, if thou and theſe will be,
(Who are thy Partners) Followers of me,
Ye ſhall have all by much a nobler Trade,
Than this, of men ye ſhall be Fiſhers made,
And with the Goſpel-Net which you ſhall uſe,
Millions of *Gentiles* ye ſhall take, and *Jews*;
And through Death's Chambers ſafely to the (Shore
Of Life and Bliſs bring them for evermore.
Now when the four their Veſſels ſafe had (brought
Unto the Shore, which once they never thought
Alive they ſhould have reacht, from that ſame (time
They forſook all they had, and follow'd him.

MIRACLE

MIRACLE II.

The Cure of a Demoniack in the City of Capernaum.

JEſus to *Capernaum* went ſtraightway
With his Diſciples, on the Sabbath-day,
When a great number of the City were
Aſſembled in the Synagogue; to hear
Their Rabbies, with a reverence profound,
Erroneouſly Gods ſacred Law expound.
Jeſus came in, and while they did unfold
Their wronged Law, and ſtrange Traditions (told,
His patient ear attentively did lend
Unto their roving talk, till it did end.
Then ſtretching, forth his Arm, th' eternal Son
Of the great God his heav'nly Speech begun,
Teaching the Jews ſublimer Truths than they
By their conceited Prieſts were taught that day;
Preaching, as one Commiſſion'd from above,
Th' unheard of Mercies of the God of Love,
With ſo much pow'r, that they wonder'd all,
Having ne're heard the like from any fall.
Now that ſame reſtleſs Spirit, who doth go
Round the vaſt Orb, to work the overthrow
Of Fallen Man, had then among the reſt
Of the aſſembled Jews, a Man poſſeſt;

Who

Who when he heard the ever bleſſed Lord
Divinely teach, moſt helliſhly he roar'd,
And thus he ſpake, --- Can't we be let alone,
Since we are baniſht from the heav'nly Throne
To have the freedom of this lower World,
Muſt we from hence as from above be hurl'd,
What have we, Jeſus, for to do with thee,
Are we not here from thy Dominion free?
Art thou with pow'r come down to make us
Thoſe conquer'd Souls, which by our wiles we

Fetter'd, with a deſign to make them be
Companions with us in our miſery;
I know thee, who thou art, and muſt thee own
To be the mighty Saviour, and the Son
Of that juſt God, whom, by our fatal Pride,
We would have equall'd, but in vain we try'd
Then Jeſus ſharply did rebuke the Fiend,
And to his ſaucy Queſtions put an end;
Commanding him to hold his peace, and quit
The captiv'd Body, and ne're argue it.
Th' enraged Fiend, who durſt no longer ſtay
Within his conquer'd Tenement of Clay,
All foaming threw him on the paved Floor,
Beating his Face till 'twas imbru'd all o're
With Froth and Blood, then with an hideous yell
Forth ſally'd the infernal Imp of Hell.
Now when the Standers by beheld the deed
They all aſtoniſht were, and all agreed

That ſure his Doctrin muſt be heav'nly,
And that the Teacher more than Man muſt be,
Whom the affrighted Devils do obey,
Tremble when he commands, and ſneak away.
Then through the Coaſts of *Galilee* his Name
Tryumphing rode upon the Wings of Fame.

MIRACLE III.

The Cure of Peter's *Wives Mother, who was ſick of a Feaver.*

NO ſooner was the Sabbath-duty done,
And to their homes th' amazed Jews all (gone,
But Jeſus, *James* and *John*, with *Simon*; went,
And *Andrew*, to their poor retirement;
Where almoſt till the dawn of the next day,
With the two pair of Brothers he did ſtay.
Within the houſe ſick at that time did lye,
Simon's Wives Mother, at the point to dye,
Whoſe aged blood, caus'd by a feav'riſh flame,
Boyl'd with ſuch fury, that no Art could tame,
Whom the Phyſitians had quite given o're,
Knowing their skill could not her health reſtore.
Peter, who juſt before had ſeen his Lord
Effect a Cure, by his Almighty VVord,
Upon a Man whom Satan had poſſeſt,
Fell on his Knees, and humbly did requeſt;

That

That by his mighty Pow'r he would cure;
His aged Mother's raging Calenture.
Jesus, who ever ready was to give
Relief to those who did in him believe,
Came to the Bed, where the distemper'd Soul,
Tortur'd with scorching heat, did toss and rowl
And in the view of all who there did stand,
He took the woman by the burning hand,
And raising her upright, the Feaver straight
Did by his Sov'raign touch its rage abate.
So well she was, that forthwith she did go,
And made Provision for her Guests below.

MIRACLE IV.

The Cure of divers sick persons in the Evening of that Sabbath.

NOw when the fiery Chariot of the Sun
Had round this part of our Horizon run,
Most of the City hearing of the Fame
Of Jesus, to the door of *Peter* came,
Bringing their Sick, their Blind, their Lame, and (all
Those whom the Devil had long held in thrall:
Jesus, whose love no limits ever knew;
When he beheld the sad diseased Crew,
And heard their dying groans, and fearful crys,
Arising from their various miseries,

Out

Out of a tender pity to Mankind,
Cur'd the Poſſeſt, the Sick, the Lame, and Blind,
And the infernal Fiends would not allow,
Whom he caſt forth, to ſay they did him know.

MIRACLE V.

The healing of ſeveral Sick and Diſeaſed Perſons, by Jeſus as he went through Galilee, *and more particularly the Cure of a Leper.*

BEfore the guilded Planet of the Eaſt
Had from his watry Bed aroſe, and dreſt
His nimble Body with a fulgent ray,
Up Jeſus got, and went aſide to pray,
Into a ſolitary place, when ſoon
He was by *Simon*, *Andrew*, *James* and *John*
Follow'd, and on his Knees upon the ground,
With lifted hands in fervent Prayer found,
Straight with the reaſons of their coming out
They did inform him, how his fame had brought,
By thoſe he had reſtor'd, as many more
Diſeaſed perſons, round about the door,
Who there attended to receive their doom,
And would not thence depart till he did come.
But he who came commiſſion'd from the Throne
Of the great God, to make his Goſpel known,
Askt them with him to th' neighb'ring Towns to go,
For ſo his Father order'd him to do,

That

That they his glorious Truths might likewise
And Power see, and of them witness bear. (he
Then with the four he went (such care had he)
To preach the Gospel throughout *Galilee*.
And dayly in their Synagogues he taught
Th' abused People, and such VVonders wrought
In curing those whom Satan had possest,
That his Almighty Pow'r was manifest.

There was a Jew who a long while had been
Vext with a Leprous Scab all o're his Skin,
Who by the Priest was, by a rigid doom,
Forbid within their Synagogues to come;
He came to Jesus with an humble Soul,
And begg'd, on bended Knees, to be made whole
For Lord, said he, I know if thou do'st please,
'Tis in thy pow'r to cure my foul Disease.
The Son of Love, who of our Bodies here,
As well as Souls hereafter, takes a care, (h
Stretcht forth his Arm, and touching him, said
My pleasure 'tis, that thou henceforth shalt be
Freed from this Leprous Scab; and, as he said,
All on a sudden he was healthful made.
Then to the Priest he order'd him to go,
(As by the Law he was oblig'd to do)
And shew himself, and for his cleansing bring
VVhat was requir'd for an Offering.
But how he came to be restor'd, to none,
No not unto the Priest, to make it known.
Yet when he was departed, he began
To publish it, that Jesus was the Man;

VVh

VVho wrought this mighty Cure, & though for-bid
To tell it, told them all he said, and did,
So that with safety Jesus could no more
Enter the City, as he did before,
In publick, but a while withdrew aside
To Desart places, where he did abide;
But there the *Galileans* found him out,
Flocking from every quarter round about.

MIRACLE VI.

The Cure of a Man sick of a Palsie at Capernaum.

JEsus (though for a while he did refrain
From *Capernaum*) came at length again
Into the City, in the open day,
And to the house of *Simon* went straightway.
Long had he not been there, but a great Crew
VVas met together, when they once it knew;
A Crew so num'rous, that there was no room,
No not about the door, for all to come.
Jesus, who all occasions did embrace
To teach the People, what their duty was,
Arose, and sweetly the Almighty's will
Into their itching Ears did there instil.
But while amidst the Doctors of the Laws,
His Fathers sacred Truths he teaching was,
A Paralytick to the house was brought,
To have a Cure by his great power wrought.

But the ungovern'd press into the Room
Would not permit the Bed-rid Wretch to come
When lo, his Friends bethought them of a wile,
And, climbling to the top o'th' low built Pile
The Roof uncover'd; when they so had done,
Into the Room they let the Palsy'd down.
VVhen Jesus saw the strange unusual way,
The Friends of the diseas'd had to convey
The Paralytick to him, Son, said he,
For thy great Faith, thy Sins forgiven be.
Which when the Scribes and Pharisees, who
(were
Sitting within the Room, with him, did hear,
They thought within themselves, how dares this
(Man
Blaspheme at this rate, since there's none that
(can
Forgive our Sins, but that Almighty One,
Who sits above in his Celestial Throne.
Jesus, who by his Pow'r Divine could tell
Those ranc'rous thoughts, which in their hearts
(did dwell
Looking upon the envious Scribes, did say,
VVhy judg ye thus? Which is the easier way
To tell the Sick, thy Sins forgiven be,
Or thou art cur'd of thine Infirmity?
But that ye may the mighty Power know
The Son of Man hath over all below,
To make both Soul, and Body to arise
Healthful, and free from all Infirmities.

He ſtedfaſt look'd upon the Palſied Soul,
And bid him riſe, for he was now made whole;
VVho ſtraight obey'd, and taking up his Bed,
VVent forth before them all, recovered.
Now when the Jews beheld what Chriſt had (done,
They were amaz'd, having the like ne're known,
And with their mouths gave glory to the Lord,
VVho ſo impower'd his great Prophets Word.

MIRACLE VII.

The Cure of an Impotent Man, by the Pool of Bethesday.

AT *Solyma* there was a noted Feaſt,
To celebrate the which, the ever-Bleſt,
VVho ne're omitted what he ought to do,
In all obedience to the Law did go.
Within the Town there ſtood (juſt by the (place
Wherein the Jews did uſe to waſh always
The ſlaughter'd Bodies of their harmleſs Beaſts,
Which were to be the Victims at their Feaſts)
An Houſe of Mercy, where the Blind and (Lame,
And Wither'd Perſons lay, who thither came
To be immers'd within this bloody Pool,
In which who-e're was plung'd, was ſtraight made whole.

Under this Roof an helpleſs Wretch did ly,
Bound with the Bands of an Infirmity
Thirty eight years, expecting there to find
Some pious Perſon, who would prove ſo kin
As him into this healing Bath to ſet,
That he thereby might ſtrength and Vigour g
But this neglected He, could find not one
(So little did they all his Caſe bemoan)
That when the Waters troubled were therein
Would his aſſiſtance lend to put him in.
The Son of Love, who all his life time ſpent
In works of Mercy to the Impotent,
Came to the place where the Diſeas'd did lye,
And looking on him with a tender Eye,
Propos'd this queſtion to the Bed-rid Soul,
Whether he willing was to be made whole?
Sir, ſaid the Man, long have I waited here
For this intent, but I am ne're the near;
No Friend I have that when the VVaters b
Troubled, their helping hand will lend to m
To put me in, others this bleſſing gain, (t
(Through help of Friends) which I cannot
Jeſus, who knew the ſad and helpleſs caſe
Of the Diſeas'd, and how he friendleſs was,
Bid him ariſe, take up his Bed, and go
Unto his houſe, for he was healed now.
Then ſtraight he roſe, and taking up his Be
On which a long and ſad Life he had led;
Begun with it upon the Sabbath-day
(On which the Cure was wrought) to go a

This when the Jews beheld, who did deteſt
All violations of their Day of Reſt,
They were enrag'd, and told him what he did
Upon that day, their ſacred Law forbid,
Which no laborious action would allow,
And ſuch was his, which he ought not to do.
But boldly he reply'd, the Man who made
Me whole this day, the ſame unto me ſaid,
Take up thy Bed, and walk, and ſo I will,
Though in the very act you do me kill.
Then they demanded of him, who he was,
That durſt command him to infringe their Laws,
And break the reſt of that ſame ſacred day,
Which he was ſtrictly bound to keep alway;
But unto this the man could nothing ſay;
For then he knew not Jeſus, who that day
Had healed him, and to the Jews unknown
VVas ſtept aſide, and from their envy gone.
After a while the ever-bleſſed Lord
Found him i'th' Temple whom he had reſtor'd,
VVho out of tender pity to the man
Bid him be careful how he ſinn'd again,
Since of his tedious Sickneſs he was well,
Leſt a more fearful Judgment him befell.
But ſtraight unto the Jews this ſilly Soul
Went and inform'd them Jeſus made him whole,
Therefore they ſought the ever-Bleſt to ſlay,
Becauſe he heal'd him on the Sabbath-day.

MIRACLE VIII.

The Cure of one who had a wither'd Hand wrought in Galilee.

AS Jesus travell'd through the Fields of Corn
With his Disciples, on the Sabbath Morn
His little Flock with gnawing Hunger took,
T'appease its rage, the full-ear'd Corn did pluck
When this the formal Pharisees did see,
(Who no respect had to necessity)
They told the ever-blessed Jesus, how
His Follow'rs did what they ought not to do.
They broke upon that Solemn Day their Fast,
Before the publick Services were past,
Which strictly by their *Moses* was forbid
In his own Law, and which they never did.
Jesus, who through this Vail their envy saw
And better knew the meaning of the Law
Than these dissembling Zealots did, reply'd,
Have ye not read what God's Anointed did,
And his Companions, when from *Saul* they fled
How they did eat the consecrated Bread,
Which to the Temple, and the Priests belong'd
And by this action thought the Law not (wrong'd
And in the Law have ye not notice ta'ne,
How that the Priests i'th' Temple do prophane

The sacred Sabbath? And yet blameless are,
Although the work they then performed were,
But for the service of the Temple, not
To be allow'd on that day to be wrought.
Now if that *David* and his men, who were
With Hunger pinch'd, might safely without fear
The Shew-bread take, and without sinning eat
Those hallow'd Loaves, for want of other Meat,
Why may not my Disciples be allow'd
(Since they were destitute of other Food)
To pluck and eat the ripened ears of Corn,
Although they did it on the Sabbath Morn?
That which they did, being but to abate
Their raging Hunger, which requir'd Meat,
And in the Laws intention sure they are,
No more blame-worthy, than the other were.
Their Cases are alike, and therefore must
Both sinful be, or both accounted just.
And if th' appeasing Sacrifices may,
Be by the Priests dress't on the Sabbath-day,
Why may not my Disciples crop the Corn,
As they walk'd through it on the Sabbath Morn,
Since holy days, as well as things, may be
Prophan'd in cases of necessity?
If inhumane ye were not, as ye are,
And so unlike to God, who doth declare,
That Mercy is more pleasing in his Eyes
By far, than is the richest Sacrifice,
You would (as 'twas your duty to have done)
Put on this act the best construction:

And not have charg'd my Follow'rs, for this
(deed,
With an offence, 'cauſe what they herein did,
Was but in order to my Service done,
And with my liking, and permiſſion,
Who Lord am of the Sabbath, and ſo may
Forgive the breach of that Religious day.
This ſaid, and having juſtify'd this Deed,
And his Diſciples from the Cavils freed,
Of the moſt ſpightful Phariſees, the place
He forthwith left, where the Contention was,
And went another Sabbath day into
Their Synagogue, and, as he us'd to do,
The ſilly People moſt divinely taught,
Where this enſuing Miracle he wrought.
Among the great Aſſembly there did ſtand
A poor diſabled Perſon, whoſe right hand
Was ſhrivel'd up, he hearing of the Fame
Of Jeſus, to be heal'd, unto him came.
The baffled Scribes and Phariſees, who were
Thirſty for an occaſion to enſnare
The bleſſed Jeſus, waiting for him lay,
To ſee him heal upon the Sabbath-day:
A deed, which they accounted ſuch a Crime,
That 'twould condemn him in the Sanhedrim
But Jeſus, who their thoughts did under-
(ſtand
Commanded him who had the wither'd Hand
To riſe, and in the mid'ſt ſtand forth of all
Thoſe who their Malice did Religion call;
Straig

Straight he arose, and this command obey'd,
Then Jesus, sternly looking on them, said--
One thing I'le ask of you, who seem so wise
To think all knowledge in your bosom lyes,
Who so great Criticks in your Laws are known,
Is good or evil lawful to be done
Upon your Sabbath-days? Or is it fit
To destroy Life, or else to rescue it?
But they so puzzled were at what he said,
That to his Queries they no answer made.
Then went he on -- Who is there of you all
Shall have a Sheep, that by a chance shall fall
Into a steepy-pit o'th' Sabbath-day,
And will not take the liberty to lay
Hold on it, and endeavour all he can
To pull it out? -- How much more is a Man
Better than such a Creature? Wherefore know,
Men may good actions on the Sabbath do.
Then fiercely looking on the thronging (Croud
Who there around him (full of envy) stood,
Griev'd at the very soul, to find not one
That had the Bowels of Compassion,
He bid the Man who had the wither'd Hand,
(And in the middle of the Throng did stand)
To stretch it forth, who did as Jesus said,
And whole that Hand was as the other made.

MIRACLE

MIRACLE IX.

The Cure of ſeveral Perſons by our Saviour, when he came down from the Mountain.

JEſus, whoſe Soul was on Devotion bent,
Having all night in fervent Prayer ſpent
Upon a Mountain: when the Worlds great Eye
Pierc'd through the ſable Clouds, and made them (fly:
Call'd his Diſciples to him, and of them
Made choice of twelve for to attend on him.
Theſe he Apoſtles nam'd, becauſe that he
Purpos'd, ſo ſoon as they were fit to be
Employ'd by him, to ſend them forth to Preach
Thoſe right'ous Laws which he came down to (Teach:
But firſt in *Jewry* they were to make known,
Th' eternal Precepts of the mighty One,
And after that (when he was Thron'd on High)
Throughout the World to Preach up Piety.
Th' Apoſtles thus made choice of to fulfil,
The pleaſure of his juſt and ſacred Will,
He from the Leavy-Mountains ſhady Brow,
On which he Pray'd, did with his Follow'rs go,
Into the ſpacious Plain, and there he ſtood,
As moſt convenient for the Multitude,
Who with more eaſe might there his Doctrin hear,
And to him come, thoſe who diſeaſed were.
Being there, (beſides the reſidue of thoſe
Who Jeſus for their bleſſed Maſter choſe)
Great

Great multitudes of People to him came
Out of *Judea* and *Jeruſalem*,
And from the Sea-coaſts of the ſtately *Tyre*
And pop'lous *Sydon*: ſome with a deſire
To hear him Preach, and ſome, infirm that were,
In hope once come, they ſhould be healed there.
Herein ſo gracious was the bleſſed Son
Of the Almighty, that there was not one
That miſt his expectation, for he Preach'd
The Goſpel to them, and his Virtue reach'd
To thoſe who were Diſeas'd. So good was he
That through his mighty Love he ſet them free
That came poſſeſt with Devils, and them cur'd
Who any kind of Miſeries endur'd,
And did but touch him, ſuch an healing pow'r,
Then iſſuing from him, that the ſelf ſame hour
Unto as perfect Health, as e're before,
He did their Bodies, and their minds reſtore.

MIRACLE X.

The Cure of a Leper by our Saviour, after he had ended his Sermon on the Mountain.

DOwn from the Mountain Jeſus did deſcend,
Into the Plain, when he had made an end,
Of his Diſcourſe, and with him many were,
Who came from places far remote, and near;
Amongſt the reſt whom fame had thither (brought,
Hearing the wond'rous Cures which Chriſt had wrought,

A poor infected Leper came, and layd
Humbly himself at his blest Feet, and said,—
Lord, if thou wilt my Cure but undertake,
Thou can'st me clean of my Distemper make;
Say but the Word, and I am well assur'd,
So soon as it is spoke, I shall be cur'd.
When Jesus saw his Faith, and likewise how
He was assured what his Pow'r could do,
Though his Disease was such as there was none
Could heal, besides the ever blessed Son,
Stretcht forth his hand, to shew how ready he
Was to do good, and touch'd him presently.
What legal Priest or Pharisee is there,
Who durst in this case do, as he did here?
Sure if a Leper had to any one
Of them but come, and his Disease made known,
And for his Cure as humbly made request
To him, as this did to the ever-Blest,
He would have loath'd the most deplored sight
Of such a Wretch, and nimbly took his flight,
For fear th' Infection which he carried,
Might with a leprous Scab his Skin o're-spread.
But Jesus, whose kind love doth over-flow,
And knows no bounds to us poor Souls below,
Dealt not, upon th' account of his Disease,
So with this man, as he would in this case,
But was so far from being inhumane,
As to avoid the poor infected Man,
When he came to him to be cur'd, that he
Seeing his Faith and great humility,

No

No otherwise beseeching from his hand (stand,
His Health, than might with his good pleasure
Both touch'd him with his hand, & likewise said,
(To shew the mighty Power which he had)
Because thou dost believe, and art most sure,
That if I will I can effect thy Cure,
I'le do it for thee, therefore from thy foul
And leprous Scab be thou for ever whole.
No sooner had the ever-blessed Lord
This said, but so effect'al prov'd his Word,
That it the Lepers Skin immediately
Alter'd, and cleans'd him from his Leprosie.
The Leper cleansed, Jesus bid him tell
To no man who it was, that made him well:
For if this should be to the Phar'sees known,
Which I have for thee at this instant done,
So spightful are they, and they hate me so,
That what they could to blast this Cure they'd do,
And on my Fall so firmly they are bent,
They'd make me feel what Malice can invent;
But go thou to the Priest, and to him show
Thy self, as by the Law thou ought'st to do,
And if he doth declare thee to be free,
And throughly purged of thy Leprosie.
As he hath hitherto, upon good ground,
Judg'd thee infected, and a man unsound;
Then offer him the Gift with thine own hand;
Which God by *Moses* strictly did command;
That he, by his receiving it of thee,
May own thou'rt cleansed from thy Leprosie:

That

That when the Multitude this thing ſhall know,
That thou art clean, and by him judged ſo,
They may believe, what now they will not own,
That I am truly their *Jehovah's* Son,
Since this great Cure I wrought on thee is ſuch,
As none could do, but by an heav'nly touch.

MIRACLE XI.

The Cure of a Centurions Servant in Capernaum, *who was ſick of a Palſie.*

NEar to *Genes'reth's* Lake there is a Town,
Within the known Precincts of *Zabulon*,
And *Nepthali*, which all men by the Name
Of *Capernaum* call, of noted Fame.
Hither the holy Jeſus often came,
Becauſe the place was populous, and ſo
Gave him occaſions oftentimes to do
Many ſtupend'ous Wonders, and thereby
Thoſe ſacred Truths he taught, to ratifie.
As he was entring now into this place,
It ſo fell out, that there a Captain was
Whoſe faithful Servant had for ſometime lain
Sick of a Palſie, in ſuch a horrid pain,
That he was paſt all humane art to ſave,
And now deſcending to the ſilent Grave.
At this much troubled the Centurion was,
And highly grieved for his Slave, becauſe

He

He dearly lov'd him, having found him juſt
In all thoſe things committed to his truſt.
Hearing therefore from ſundry Jews the Fame
Of Jeſus, who were once both Sick and Lame,
Whom he had healthful made, how happy he
Was in the curing any Malady,
That either was inflicted on the Mind,
Or on the Body ſeiz'd, of any kind;
Sent unto him the Elders of the Jews,
To beg him in their Names not to refuſe
To come, and heal his Servant who had prov'd
Faithful to him, and whom he dearly lov'd.
Not with the leaſt miſtruſt did he requeſt
This favour of them to the ever-bleſt,
Thinking that if he perſonally came,
Jeſus unto him would not grant the ſame:
But meerly out of great humility,
And a moſt wiſe and baſhful modeſty,
Knowing himſelf to be an Alien,
And then a Souldier, both which kind of Men
The Jews did for the greateſt part abhor,
As men of no Religion, thought therefore
Himſelf unworthy for to come, and crave
This favour of him for his faithful Slave.
And this the Elders of the Jews did know,
And therefore they, when begg'd by him to go
To Jeſus, with his humble ſuit to have
Some ſpeedy help for his poor dying Slave,
Went forthwith to him, and with earneſtneſs
The holy Jeſus for his Cure did preſs,

And

And thus they ſaid -- Sir, we beſeech thee, take
No notice that the man, for whoſe kind ſake
We come unto thee, is a Stranger here,
And more than that a *Roman* Souldier;
And that the perſon we intreat to have
Reſtor'd to health, is this ſame Souldier's Slave
For lo the Captain, whom this man doth ſerve
A worthy perſon is, and doth deſerve
In ſeveral reſpects (to us well known)
To have as great a kindneſs to him ſhown
As this, for which we are now come to thee;
For he's our real Friend, and one that we
Are well aſſured doth our Nation love,
And this which he hath done for us doth prove
For we have by his bounty, at this day,
And coſt, a Synagogue wherein to Pray.

When Jeſus heard the ſayings of theſe men
To ſhew that he deſpis'd no man, how mean
Soever, if he truly did believe
That he could help and ſuccour to him give,
Went with the Elders of the Jews ſtraightway
Towards the houſe where the ſick Servant lay
And being not far diſtant from the place,
Where the tormented Paralytick was,
Some Friends of his the Captain did requeſt
To go with him, and meet the ever-Bleſt;
Who with a lowly reverence drawing near,
Did with theſe following words ſalute his Ear

Lord, trouble not thy ſelf, for I am one
Who am not worthy to have favour ſhown,

So great a Favour as I ask of thee,
Under my homely Roof thy Face to ſee.
Wherefore I neither thought my ſelf i'th' leaſt
Worthy to come to thee with this requeſt;
But let thy bleſſed lips but ſpeak the word,
And to his health my Slave ſhall be reſtor'd.
For ſo all pow'rful art thou, I am ſure
Thou needs not preſent be, to work a Cure,
But canſt a Patient to his Health reſtore,
Though abſent, and by Sickneſs at Deaths dore.
Beſides this Cure's too mean, and much below
Thy Majeſty, to come thy ſelf and do.
Matters of ſmall importance I transfer
Unto thoſe Perſons, who my Servants are,
And bearing rule, with me they never ſtand
To argue, but obey my juſt command.
For if I ſay to one man go, he go'th,
And to another come, this thing he doth;
And do but this unto my Servant ſay,
Forthwith he doth it, without more delay.
Now if ſuch force in my Commands do lye,
That they (though I ſit ſtill) as certainly
Are executed by thoſe men, who are
Under my Rule, as if I preſent were, (done
And did put all thoſe things which they have
For me, my ſelf in Execution.
How much more ſhall thy Servants, Lord, fulfill
What thou injoyn'ſt, and do thy ſacred Will,
Although thou do'ſt not ſtir to ſee it done,
For ſuch thy power is, that there is none

That can for greatneſs equal it, and thou
Can'ſt make them able, what thou wilt, to d
Thus ſpake the Captain, and his words were
That Jeſus marvell'd at them very much, (fu
And turning him about did thus declare
Unto the People, who him following were,
So great a Faith as this, I freely ſay,
I have not found in *Iſr'el* to this day;
And furthermore, I tell you, there ſhall com
Many from all parts of the World, on whom
You look and do abhor, as men who are
Strangers and Aliens to your Nation here,
Who ſhall by Faith admitted be into (yo
The Church of God, though now contemn'd
And in the Kingdom of that Holy One,
With your Renowned Anceſtors ſit down,
And for their Faith, as their dear Children be
Own'd, and with them injoy felicity.
Whereas the Children who from thoſe did co
That promis'd were this Kingdom, and to wh
It by the Virtue of the Cov'nant made,
Had ſtill belong'd, if fooliſhly they had
Not forfeited their right by ſuch a Life
Which wicked was, and full of unbelief:
I ſay, that none of theſe Children ſhall be,
Admitted to this bleſt Eternity,
But into utter Darkneſs ſhall be thrown,
And there the loſs of thoſe bleſt Joys bem
And gnaſh their Teeth, that that felicity
Which they were promis'd, and have miſt, ſho

Confe

Conferred on them, whom they look'd upon
As meerly Strangers to their Nation.
When Jesus thus unto the Jews had spoke,
He on the Captain cast a gracious look,
And said unto him --- Go thy way, and as
Thou hast believ'd so it shall come to pass.
And when they came unto the house they found,
Just as the Lord had said, the Servant sound.

MIRACLE XII.

The raising of a Widow's Son to Life, who dwelt at Naim.

THe morrow, after the beloved Son
Of the Most High, the wondrous Cure (had done
For the Centurion's Servant, who was just
Crumbling again into his Mother Dust,
He, with the rest who his Attendants were,
To *Naim* went; and as they did draw near
Unto the City Gate, with solemn pace,
A num'rous Train from thence just coming was,
Attending to the Grave the only Son,
Of a discons'late Widow of that Town.
Jesus, who saw as they did pass along, (throng,
The grieving Parent 'mongst the mournful
Touch'd with compassion at the Tears she shed,
For the lost Pledg of her once Nuptial Bed,

Unto the ſad and des'late Widow made,
And thus aloud, theſe following words, he ſaid,
Weep not, fond Woman, for thine only Son,
Nor blame God's goodneſs, who this thing hath (done,
Though in thine eyes, this dealing ſeems ſevere,
Such muſt be born with by his Creatures here;
Who knows but God (who beſt knows what to (do,
Hath took this Child, thine only joy from you,
Turning thy chearful day to diſmal night,
To diſcipline thee in his ways aright.
Who didſt perhaps more value fading Duſt,
Than the Almighty Father of the Juſt?
Or how do'ſt know, but that he this did do,
That he might to thee, and theſe Perſons ſhew,
The Sov'raign Power he hath over all
To take, and back Man's Life again recall,
That ſo your Faith might up to Heaven ſoar,
And there be fixt, and never waver more?
Then ſtepping to the Bier, he laid his Hand
Upon it, and the Bearers did command
Upon the Ground to ſet the breathleſs Load,
When ſtraight, the ever-bleſſed Son of God
Call'd to the Youth, who with the fatal Chain
Of Death was bound, to riſe to Life again.
Which words no ſooner from his Lips did take
Their flight, but that the Dead aroſe and ſpake
Him raiſed, Jeſus to the Mother brought,
Who over-joy'd was at the Wonder wrought,
And

And all much marvell'd at the Mercy ſhown,
And glory gave to the Almighty One:
Profeſſing that a mighty Prophet now
His *Iſr'el* had, to whom they all would bow.
And ſtraight the Fame of Jeſus ran throughout
Judea, and the Regions thereabout.

MIRACLE XIII.

Jeſus's Cure of a Demoniack, who was Blind and Dumb, after his return to Capernaum; *and of the difference and concertation between him and the Scribes about it.*

WEaried with Travel, and with Hunger ſpent,
Into a Houſe at *Capernaum* went (there,
Jeſus and his Apoſtles, to appeaſe
Their craving Stomachs, and themſelves to eaſe.
Scarce were they entred in, but ſpreading Fame,
Throughout the City, had divulg'd the ſame:
Which brought the People in great numbers
Where Jeſus and his fainting Servants were;
Who did the Cure of their Diſeaſes preſs
Unto him, with ſuch moving earneſtneſs,
That neither he could ſo much leiſure get,
Nor his Apoſtles, as to take ſome Meat.
Among the reſt, who did to Jeſus come,
There was a poor Demoniack Blind and Dumb,

Whose Friends did in an humble manner crave,
That the poor Wretch his Sov'raign help might have.
Jesus beholding with a tender Eye
The sad Estate, in which the man did lye,
Cast forth the Devil by his pow'rful word,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his lost sight restor'd;
So that the blind and dumb man now was known
To see, and talk to admiration.
This wonder Jesus had no sooner done,
But the amazed Multitude begun
To entertain within their Breasts a thought
Of just suspicion, that the man, who wrought
Such famous Deeds, deserv'd no less a Name
Than the *Messias*, that he was the same,
The Son of *David* who was long foretold;
And most there present this Belief did hold;
But when the env'ous *Pharisees*, who were
Haters of *Jesus*, did this saying hear,
They then resolv'd their utmost skill to use,
Behind the Back of *Jesus*, to traduce
His Glorious Name, thinking thereby that they
Might from him draw the peoples hearts away:
But on himself they did not dare to set,
Conscious that he would by the Contest get.
Therefore, to bring their *Hellish Plot* to pass,
(The rend'ring *Jesus* worthy of disgrace)
They knew no better and no surer way
Than this, to take --- it cannot be (say they)
That this same Fellow should be *David*'s Son,
(As ye suppose) who is of low Birth known:

The

The Son of *David*, as ye all do know,
Shall be a mighty Prince, shall great things do,
Here in a Glorious Manner shall Command,
And over us bear Rule, from whose strong hand
We must expect deliverance from those
Who are our potent and our deadly Foes;
Whereas this Fellow is so mean a thing,
So far from being such a Glorious King,
That he deserves not to be thought on more,
Being a Wretch so despicably poor.
Besides, his Deeds most inconsistent are
With the high Birth of *David*'s Son and Heir;
For he with such a Train goes up and down
As is of no repute, (as 'tis well known)
Teaching such Doctrines which no Mortal Ear
Before his coming did the like e're hear;
Curing Diseases, in their Natures such
As the most Sov'raign'st Drugs could never touch,
And casting Devils out of the possest,
By that Infernal Prince who sways the rest.
Thus they aspersst his ever-Blessed Name,
And by this means thought to Eclipse his Fame;
But what he did, or to his Charge was laid,
His Friends, as yet, no Intimation had:
Till at the length, unto their Ears was brought
Both what he did, and by what means he wrought,
And being then so generally known
And talk'd of, they so credulous were grown,

As to believe it true, and so instead (mad
Of clearing his good Name, they thought him
And out they went, with a resolved mind,
Him, as one Frantick, with strong Chains t
(bind
But *Jesus*, who as they suppos'd was mad,
Far other thoughts than his Relations had,
Of what the *Pharisees* did go about,
And had of him in secret given out:
He knew they had in a most high degree
Injur'd his Father, and notoriously
Himself had slander'd, telling it about,
The Pow'r, by which he cast the Devils out,
Was to the Prince of the Infernal Club
To be ascrib'd, *The mighty Be'lzebub.*
Whereas the Pow'r by which he this did do,
Did solely and of right belong unto
His Father, who in Justice ought to have
That Honour, which to *Be'lzebub* they gave.
Calling therefore the *Pharisees* to him,
Who to his Charge had laid so foul a Crime;
And intimating to them, that he knew
Their thoughts, and how behind his Back as tru
They had reported that he went about,
By *Beelzebub* casting Devils out;
He plainly told them, that it could not well
Be thought that he should those damn'd Fiend
In such a manner as they said he did; (expe
Since Reason needs must such vain thoughts for
(bid:

Becau

Becauſe it could not in the leaſt conſiſt
With Hell's Imperial Monarch's Intereſt,
Herein to help him; for ſuppoſe he ſhould
Lend his Infernal Aid to him, it would
Among his Subjects a diviſion make,
And the Foundation of his Empire ſhake,
Laying the Pillars of his burning Throne
In Fatal Ruine and Deſtruction.
Herein his Kingdom being like unto
Our Earthly Princes Kingdoms, which we know
Cannot ſubſiſt, unleſs upheld they be
By Concord, and among themſelves agree.
Again, thoſe Men who do the Titles bear
Of my Apoſtles, and your Children are,
Do caſt out Devils in my Name, and yet
From you they meet with no reproof for it:
If they ſuch VVonders do, and in my Name,
And by my Power, and receive no blame,
VVhy then do ye ſo baſely go about
To cenſure me, for caſting Devils out?
Since in God's Name, and for his Glory too,
And your Relief and Comfort this I do?
VVere ye but with ingenuous Souls poſſeſt,
Not Slaves to Envy or Self-Intereſt,
You would not thus defame me as you do,
But would aſcribe my Miracles unto
The pow'r of God, and by thus doing ſhow,
You own his Kingdom is now come to you.
That this the time of the *Meſſias* is,
VVhoſe Miſſion God hath teſtify'd with theſe

Ama-

Amazing wonders, which hee'd ne're have done
Had I not been his true but feigned Son.
Beſides I do not (as ye fancy) ſtand
In need of Hells black Monarch's helping hand
To caſt out Devils, for let Reaſon ſway,
You muſt me free from this unlawful way;
For I am ſtronger than he is, and ſo
Into his cloſeſt dwelling-place can go,
Bind him, and ſpoil his goods, when ever I
Shall think it fit his ſturdy force to try.
His pow'r I know, compar'd to mine's ſo ſmall
That let him uſe his utmoſt force, it ſhall
Not hinder me from turning of him out
Of them, he hath into's poſſeſſion got.
Once more, ye moſt ungrateful Wretches,
Declare unto you, that I work not by
That Stygian Prince, for he's my mortal Foe,
And truly merits to be reck'ned ſo:
For who's not for me, muſt againſt me be,
He being therefore ſo implacably
Mine enemy, and no way to be brought
And reconcil'd to me, it can't be thought
Worthy of credit, that he ever ſhould
Help me to caſt the Damned from their hold
So that, what ever Miracles I do,
Muſt needs be own'd the work of God by you,
And by his power wrought, who thinks not this
Thinks both of God and of my works amiſs.
Wherefore the cauſeleſs malice which you bear
To me your Friend, let me no more of't hear,
And

And don't, against your Consciences, defame
My famous deeds, and my immortal Name;
For seeing they were by the Spirit wrought
Of the Eternal one, to go about
To slander and oppose them, is a Crime
So horrid, and so odious unto him,
That it 'till death with an obdurate heart
It meet, there can be no forgivness for't.
And ye most justly merit to receive
This rigid doom, since stand'rously ye have
Imputed these my Miracles unto
Man's restless Foe, and have affirmed too
I work them by his Spirit, whereas I
Do by his Spirit work, who's thron'd on High.
For by so doing, if we must the Tree
Judge by the fruit it bears, then surely ye
Imply, that the eternal-Holy-Ghost,
A Spirit is of the Infernal Host,
Which is the highest blasphemy I know
Can be immagin'd to affirm him so.
Shall I (ye whited Sepulchers) declare,
That ye a wretched sort of people are,
And an infectious brood of Vipers? truly less
I cannot, must not say of you than this,
For what you are, your Language doth relate,
Men of unhallow'd hearts and reprobate.
Your words, which issue from them as the stream
Doth from the Fountain, verifie this same.
And as your words (which the true Tables are
To show your hearts & all that's treasur'd there)

Are

Are highly sinful, so by you they ought
To be esteem'd as such, and think them not
Too light or worthless (as ye seem to do)
To be accounted for one day by you.
For I declare, that ev'ry idle word
That men shall speak, before the dreadful Lo
Shall be computed for in that great day
Of Judgment, when he will their Sins display;
Much more shall they be to a reck'ning brough
Who have such words, as yours are, given out;
Words full of Defamations and of Lies,
Great slanders and notorious Blasphemies:
For these they shall the dreadful doom receive
Of the damn'd Spirits, and their Torments hav
As they shall cleared and rewarded be
For words that good are, to Eternity.

(hear

Then, when the Scribes and Pharisees had
These stabbing truths, which Jesus had declar'
Dissembling in their hearts the deadly hate
They bore unto him, humbly did intreat
That he a Token would from Heaven give,
Whereby they might upon good grounds be-

(lieve,

That the undoubted Christ of God he was,
Sent from him to instruct them in his Laws.
But Jesus, who did never guess amiss,
Knowing they had a different end in this,
That notwithstanding all their fair pretence,
'Twas but a snare to trap his innocence,

That

That their chief cauſe in asking ſuch a Sign
Was but to take occaſion to begin (eaſe
A quarrel with him, which with much more
They might commence about ſuch things as
(theſe,
Than about them, which in their natures are
Unto the outward Senſes much more near.
Thus ſaid—A vile and wicked People call
And ſeek for Signs, but there ſhall none at all,
But that of *Jonas*, granted to them be,
Who is a true and lively Type of me.
For as three days and nights the Prophet lay
(Excluded from a life-infuſing Ray)
Within his moving Scaly-Tomb ſhut faſt,
And was by God reſtor'd alive at laſt;
So ſhall the Son of Man (of heav'nly Birth)
Almoſt three days and nights within the Earth
Entombed lye, and then again ſhall riſe
The third day, crown'd with laſting Victories;
And they who by this means will not be
(wrought,
And to conviction and repentance brought,
Nor to the preaching of my Follo'wers give
A willing ear, and what they teach believe,
Shall by the *Ninivites* adjudged be,
Becauſe though they were in a high degree,
Sinful, ſo ſinful, that before the Face
Of the great God came up their wickedneſs,
Crying aloud, on them to ſhower down
His dreadful vengeance from his ſacred Throne:

Yet

Yet, from the Prophets freedom from his Go
The ſlimy Belly of the monſt'rous Whale,
And Preaching to them, they in Sack Cloath
And did ſincerely of their Sins repent. (wer
Whereas againſt my Preaching you are now
So ſtubborn, and ſo ſtifly bent, that though
I am by much a greater Prophet known,
Than *Jonas*, being the Eternal Son,
God having teſtify'd of me this ſame
By a loud Voice, which from the Heavens cam
Yet to my Reſurrection you'l not give
Credit, nor be perſwaded to believe
What my Apoſtles by my Spirit ſhall
Inſtruct you, ſo as to repent at all.
That Famous *Æthiopian* Queen likewiſe,
Shall up i'th' Judgment 'gainſt this Nation r
And it condemn, becauſe ſhe came from far,
The Wiſdom of King *Solomon* to hear:
Whereas againſt me you have entertain'd
So great diſpleaſure, that you won't be ga
To come and be inform'd of me, although
To do't, you need no tedious Steps to go.
And ſure to moſt of you it muſt be known,
That I am greater much than *Solomon*,
And highly him in Wiſdom do ſurpaſs,
And therefore abler am, than e're he was,
To give you both inſtructions, and advice,
How to attain to be divinely wiſe.
His Wiſdom being in ſuch things as here
Occurr'd, and Natural and Humane were;

Not such a Wisdom as was like to mine,
Perfect in matters Sacred and Divine,
And such a Wisdom, that would you but be
Perswaded to embrace it heartily,
Would make you wise, and so direct your feet,
That you at last with endless Joys should meet.
But as for you, and likewise for the rest
Of this your Nation, who have been so blest
With all-sufficient means to bring you to
A timely Sorrow for your Sins, and who
Have had so many Wonders 'mong you wrought,
So many Fiends of the Possest cast out,
And yet so far have hitherto been known
From walking worthy of these Mercies shown,
That ye the God of Love blasphemed have,
By whom I Work, and who me Power gave,
That let me tell you, ye are highly in
A sad Condition through your wilful Sin,
And that your State is much more hopeless now,
By Satans second coming into you,
Than 'twas before I liv'd among you here;
Or than it would have been, if I had ne're
Cast Satan out, for now he'll with him take
(That he may safe his regain'd Conquest make)
More, and worse Spirits, than he did before,
To tempt you unto Sin, and make you more
Wicked each day than other, until he
Hath you involv'd in endless Misery.
Many more Wonders than we here do (write,
Jesus perform'd in his Disciples sight:
These

These are recorded, that you all might know
Him, the Messiah, which was promis'd you;
And that, believing him to be the same, (Name
You might have Life, through his Eternal

The Prayer of the Most Holy Jesus, before his Apprehension. Saint John.

1. NOw when the great and glorious Son o (Lov
Who for our Bliss forsook his own above,
Had ended his Discourse, with lift up Eyes,
And elevated Hands, to Heav'n he cryes,
2. Father the hour of my Death draws on
For all Mankind, now glorifie thy Son,
That I may be enabled to go through,
The weighty business which I come to do.
3. And as my Power doth extend to All,
To give Eternal Life, permit the fall
Of none of those whom I came down to save,
Let them the Merits of my Passion have.
4. All thou requirest to Enthrone Men there
Where Joys most perfect and Eternal are,
Is this, to own thee as the Supreme One,
Thy Laws obey, and to embrace thy Son.
5. This I have publish'd since I came below,
I have not fail'd thy sacred Will to show,
Having now finish'd what I came for here,
Attend, O heavenly Father, to my Pray'r.

6. Whe

6. When I have ſuffer'd what is due to Man,
Receive me up unto thy Joys again,
Give me that Glory which I had with Thee,
Before the World was, from Eternity, (thou
7. As for thoſe Men, whom from their Callings
Gav'ſt to attend me here, thy Will they know;
From thee I did receive them, thine they were,
My Will, as thine they have obey'd with care.
8. Thoſe glorious things for which I did come
(down,
I have not ſecret kept, but made them known,
They have embrac'd that Meſſage brought by
Firmly believing that I came from thee. (me,
9. For theſe peculiar Men to thee I pray,
Confirm their Faith that no Temptation may
Seduce their hearts, nor Terrors e're withdraw
Their skilful Tongues from publiſhing thy Law.
10. For th' impenitent I no mention make,
Let them the fruit of all their Sins partake;
For them I pray, and for their conſtancy,
Who are thy Gift, and who have ſerved me.
11. Theſe I commend unto thy gracious care,
Now I am going hence, protect them here:
I come to thee, O holy Father, keep (Sheep.
From the devouring Wolves theſe harmleſs
12. O let no Errour in their Doctrin be,
Make them in that, as thou and I, agree,
That in the end when they their courſe have
(run,
They may ſit down with an Immortal Crown.

13. While I was with them I have lost not one,
But that same Rebel of Perdition,
Of whom the Prophet Prophecy'd to be
Ordain'd of Old, for this Apostacy.
14. But now I come to thee, yet, Lord, before
I leave this World, I publickly implore
That they may always, in my absence, have
That joy and courage which my Presence gave.
15. They'l be expos'd, because they heav'nly are,
To Perils and Afflictions, ev'ry where,
Where they shall Preach that Faith they had (from me,
They'l find the World their mortal Enemy.
16. Yet I intreat thee not to take them hence,
But keep them safe, and be their sure defence,
That the approaching danger may not be
Of force enough to shake their Constancy.
17. The World to them, as well as me, they'l (find
Will always prove most envious, and unkind;
Yet sanctifie them so to Preach thy Word,
That it may fruitful prove where-e're 'tis heard.
18. To preach thy Will into the World I came,
I have impowr'd them to do the same;
For them I intercede, and give to thee
My Self, to fit them for the Ministry.
19. Yet pray I not for these alone, but all
Who by the power of their Preaching shall
Conform unto thy Word, that they, as we;
May here be one, and in thy Faith agree.
20. That

20. That all who yet are unconverted, may
Acknowledge thee, and all thy Laws obey,
And of their groſs Idolatries repent,
And be convinc'd that I from thee was ſent.
21. That Power, Father, which thou gav'ſt me
Of working Wonders, my Diſciples are (here,
Inveſted with the ſame, grant them to be
No whit inferiour in their Works to Me.
22. That by thoſe mighty Deeds which they
(ſhall do,
When I am gone, the ſtubborn World may
(know
I came from thee, that thy affections are
To them as great, as unto me they were.
23. Father, I will that all my Servants may
Be where I am, for ever to injoy
Thy gracious Love, that they may all behold
The Glory which I had with thee of Old.
24. O Righteous Father, though the Worldly-
(wiſe
Diſ-own my Meſſage, and thy Love deſpiſe,
I know thy Will, my Servants know the ſame,
From thy Eternal-Self they know I came.
25. Therefore thoſe glorious Attributes of thine,
And Will, I have, and will declare to mine;
All things I'le give them which thou gav'ſt to
Both Wiſdom, Power, and Fidelity. (me,

On Jesus his Apprehension, Examination, Death, Resurrection and Ascension.

WHen the Eternal Son these words had (spoke,
Unto the Mount of *Olives* o're the Brook
Of *Cedron*, with his Followers he went,
Where was a Garden, which they did frequent:
Jesus, who knew the Tragedy of Sin,
Must in that hallow'd-Plot of Ground begin,
Bid his Disciples at the Door to stay,
And thence not move, while he went in to Pray,
Then taking with him *Peter*, *James* and *John*,
(The three which once beheld th' Eternal Son,
Cloath'd with a dazling-Cloud of shining (Light
Upon the Mount, that they the dismal Night
Might see of Sorrow, which his Soul for Sin
Was in that instant to be clouded in)
Came to the place which he design'd should be
The doleful Theatre of his Agony.
When to three he freely did impart,
What pungent Sorrows did assail his Heart,
Commanding them upon their Guard to stay
And pray against the threatning Storms at (hand

Not suffering Sleep upon their Eyes to creep,
But a strict Watch over their Souls to keep.

While he the troubles of an Innocent,
And spotless Soul, in Pray'r to Heaven sent.
Sad unto Death he found himself now brought,
When he beheld the deadly bitter draught,
The Cup of Vengeance, flowing to the Brim,
Fill'd by the Hand of God, and reach'd to him.
Then did the pressures of that monstrous Load,
Our crying Sins, and the fierce Wrath of God,
Cause his most guiltless Soul to groan and bow,
Under the weight, and purple drops to flow
Down his most sacred Body, through each Pore,
Dying his Garments, and the Ground all o're.
On which he thrice did fall, and thence sent up,
As oft this Pray'r --- *Father remove this Cup*---
With such an humble Resignation still,
That he submitted to his heav'nly Will. (could
The careful Shepheard, whom no Sorrows
With-hold from looking to his little Fold,
Betwixt the intervals of fervent Pray'r
Went, and awoke them, who fast sleeping were.
And twice the Three he gently did reprove,
That they for him should show no greater Love,
Amid'st his troubles, than they had express't,
Sleeping, while he with Sorrow was depress't.
But at his third return, their fill of Sleep
He bid them take, in vain it was to keep
A Watch, since now what he had oft foretold
Was come to pass, the Son of Man was sold
Into the hands of Sinners, who were now (do,
Entring with that bold-Wretch, who this did

His Apprehenſion.

VVhen lo, the Traytor to the Garden Door
VVas come, and enter'd with a number more
Of armed Men, who by the Sanhedrim
VVere order'd as a Guard to wait on him.
Jeſus, who this, and all things elſe foreknew,
Inſtead of flying meets the armed Crew,
And boldly asks them, wherefore they came out
VVith Lights, and VVeapons, whom it was they (fought:
Straight as one Voice the ſervile Slaves do cry,
Jeſus of *Naz'reth*; Jeſus made reply,
I am the Man ye ſeek; no ſooner he
Had this confeſt, but they immediately
Fell to the Ground, as if with Lightning ſtrook
At his Almighty Voice, and dreadful look;
Grov'ling upon the Earth they ſpeechleſs lay,
Till he again the ſecond time did ſay,
VVhom do ye ſeek? At this they all ariſe,
With trembling Limbs, and with diſtorted Eyes,
And told him Jeſus, Jeſus, was his Name
Who preach'd Sedition, and for whom they (came
Lo, ſaid the Holy Jeſus, I am he,
If you ſeek me, give theſe their liberty:
Then had that ſaying of his, I loſt not one
Of all thou gav'ſt me, its completion.
Now *Simon Peter*, all enraged drew (flew
His long-ſheath'd-Sword, into the Crowd he
VVi

With a moſt zealous Courage, void of fear,
At the firſt ſtroke he cuts off *Malchus* Ear,
And while his ſturdy Arm was dealing blows
On ev'ry hand amid'ſt his Maſters Foes,
Jeſus calls out, and bids him ſheath his Sword,
His Fury ſtopt at his commanding Word,
Peter, ſaid he, ſhall I not drink the Cup
Sent by my Father, yes I'le drink it up.
Since 'tis determin'd, Souldiers come away,
What Heav'n commands, I muſt, and will obey.
Then came the Souldiers, and the ſacred (Hands
Of Jeſus bound, with their thrice-twiſted-Bands.
Unto the houſe of *Annas* (who then was
Prince of the Sanh'drim, and to *Cajaphas*
Father in Law) immediately they go,
And with big looks their willing Captive ſhow.

His Examination.

Forth of the env'ous-Crowd the Judg calls
The bleſſed Jeſus, queſtions him about out
His Servants, and his Doctrin, why he taught
In Corners, that which ſuch diſſention wrought.
Jeſus reply'd, what from my Lips hath fell,
Moſt of this Nation can inform thee well,
In the Aſſembly of the Jews have I
Publiſh'd that Faith, for which I now muſt dye.
Ne're in forbidden Corners did I ſneak,
But in their Temples publickly I ſpake;

If these my Words no Credit can command,
Ask them the Truth of this who here do stand.
At this a Serjeant who was standing near,
Up with his impious Fist, and on the Ear
Gave him a rude Salute, asking him why
Unto the Judg he talk'd so saucily!
Jesus reply'd, if I have spoken ill,
Prove then the Crime, but if no words have fell
Which do deserve such a rebuke from thee,
How comes it then to pass thou smitest me?

Now *Annas*, who no Pow'r had to declare
Judgment, except the Sev'nty present were,
Fast bound unto the House of the High-Priest,
To be examin'd, sent the ever-Blest.
Him follows *Peter*, and his deerest *John*,
The rest were trembling to their Houses gone,
This last Disciple was to *Cajaphas* known.
He with his Fetter'd Master 'mongst the rest,
Enters the Palace of the Jews High Priest,
But missing *Peter* in the num'rous Rout,
Who at the Door stood Sorrowing without,
Unto the Maid he goes, at his request,
Simon admittance had among the rest.

It being cold, within the Palace-Hall
A Fire was made, the Souldiers round it all
Stood warming of themselves, by the Hearth
(side

The pensive *Peter* stood while Christ was try'd
By a Divine-Impulse a Damsel goes
And *Simon* asks, Art thou not one of those

Who ſerv'd this Jeſus, whom they here have
(brought?
The daunted Servant ſaid he knew him not.
He who but even now had drawn his Sword
In the Defence of his beloved Lord,
That matchleſs Courage, by a Maid alone,
VVas made to tremble, and his Lord diſown.
The Lamb of Life, who a long time had been
Under the ſnaring Teſt o'th' Sanhedrim,
VVhen they perceiv'd from his own Mouth
(they could
Not force the leaſt unwary word that would
Give a pretence to bring his Death about,
Falſe Witneſſes the murd'rous Villains ſought.
Sev'ral there came, who ſundry things did bring,
But none of weight, nor two that vouch'd one
(thing.
At length a Pair of daring-Rogues were found,
VVhoſe Souls ne're felt a penitential-Wound,
That ſaid, This Man affirm'd -- Do you deſtroy
The Temple which is now all *Iſr'els* Joy,
And from the Ground again I'le eas'ly raiſe
Its Head (as now it ſtands) within three days.
Then from his Seat aroſe the Jews High-Prieſt,
With Eye-brows knit, and Eyes which Rage
(confeſt,
Demanding ſternly what his Silence meant,
VVhether he Guilty was, or Innocent?
But Jeſus held his peace; which when he ſaw
That from his Mouth his Threats could nothing
(draw,
Cloathing

Cloathing his Face with a more peaceful Look
To a more cunning Wile himself betook;
Adjuring him by a most sacred Oath,
The living God, to tell the naked Troth, (Son
Whether the Christ he were, the Great God's
Who from the Clouds in Glory should come (down

Jesus whose Tongue was never us'd to Lye,
Knowing the hour of his Death drew nigh,
Confest he was the same, and likewise told,
That he whom now they did with Scorn behold,
They Reassum'd into the Heav'ns should see,
And Thron'd on the right Hand of Majesty,
As visibly as at the Gen'ral-Doom, (come
By those dire Judgments which on them should
Then *Cajaphas* his Cloaths with Fury rent,
And to's emboson'd Hellish-Flames gave vent;
What farther need is there of Proof, said he,
Since we have heard this horrid Blasphemy;
Your Judgments, Sirs; Doth he deserve to Dy?
The Vote was Death, and that deservedly.

Then Jesus forth into the Hall was brought,
Unto the Souldiers, to be set at naught;
Upon whose Face the dev'lish Monsters spit,
And on his sacred Sides their Cudgels split.
Hood-Winck'd, they Beat him, on the Muffled
(Face,
And bid him Proph'cy who the Smiter was.
All the out-ragious Cruelties that Men
Could Muster up, were Executed then

On

On the most inn'cent Lamb, until the Light
Drew back the Curtains of that grizly-Night.
Peter, who boldly once resolv'd to Dye
The worst of Deaths, rather than Christ deny,
Who once already, by the Fire-side,
The ever-Blest had cowardly denyed;
And still there senseless stood, and saw the Jews
The Worlds great Ransom barbarously abuse,
Was by a Maid again, amid'st the Throng,
Ask'd if he did not unto Christ belong; (more
But he although forewarn'd, disown'd once
His lovely Service; as he did before.
One of the High-Priests Servants, who was near
Rely'd to *Malchus*, that had lost his Ear,
To the forgetful *Peter* came, said he,
Art thou not one of those which I did see
With this Man in the Garden, tell me now?
Simon for-swore it, then the Cock did Crow.
When at that instant Jesus cast an Eye
Upon his Servant, who immediately (go,
Struck both with Shame and Sorrow, forth did
And by his Tears his true Repentance show.
Thirsty for Blood, just at the dawn of Day,
The Sanhedrim triumphingly away
Their Pris'ner Led unto the Pretor's Hall;
Come to the Door, they did for *Pilate* call;
Within the Hall they would not set a Foot,
Fondly conceiting that they should pollute
Themselves, in mingling with the Heathen
Being they were to eat the Passover. (there,

Pilate

Pilate inform'd that at his Palace-gate,
A great Convention of the Jews did wait,
To ſpeak with him, that they had Jeſus brought;
Straight he aroſe, and to the Jews came out.
Jeſus preſented, *Pilate* ask'd the Jews,
What was the Crime, for which they did accuſe
Him whom they brought, what evil he had done:
Mov'd by a furious Zeal, the Scribes begun
To tax him of Sedition, and that he
Stirr'd up the People to a Mutiny.
How that his Doctrin was againſt their Laws,
And that no Tribute due to *Cæſar* was;
That he declar'd himſelf the Chriſt to be,
And ſaying ſo ſpoke horrid Blaſphemy.
He proudly vaunted that he was their King,
And Death did merit for that only thing;
Therefore they all made it their earneſt Suit,
That this Seducer he would Execute.
Pilate perceiving more of Rage to be
In their requeſt, than ought of Piety;
Take him, ſaid he, and by your own Law try,
Whether he doth deſerve to Live or Dye.
Thou know'ſt, ſaid they, the *Romans* of this Right,
Which once we had, have now depriv'd us quite,
Leaving no pow'r in us to puniſh thoſe Laws;
With Death, who have tranſgreſt againſt our
To thee we come, and e're we'll ſtir from hence,
We do expect thou'lt Judg this Man's offence.

Back to the Judgment-Hall the Pretor went,
Seated within the dreadful Chair, he ſent (in,
One for the Pris'ner, who was ſtraight brought
With whom th' imperious Judg did thus begin.
Tell me, ſaid he, art thou the King o'th' Jews?
Jeſus reply'd, do they without accuſe
Me of this Crime, or doth this Queſtion ſpring
From thy own Brain, to ſay I am a King?
Am I a Jew, ſaid *Pilate*? Do I read
Their Books, to know what they are promiſed,
Or whom they do expect? Not I, but they
Who are without, charge thee with what I ſay.
Tell me the great Offence which thou haſt done
To make them bring this Accuſation.
The bleſſed Jeſus, not at all diſmaid,
At this their Charge, unto his Judg thus ſaid,
As for an earthly Kingdom, I ne're ſought,
Had I done this, my Servants would have (fought,
And not have ſuffer'd what you ſee, theſe Bands,
But reſcu'd me from my Oppreſſors Hands.
Now ſince they did not Fight in my Defence,
You may conclude my Kingdom's not from (hence.
What doſt thou own, ſaid *Pilate*, unto me
Thou art a King, and haſt Authority.
Jeſus reply'd, 'tis true, a King I am,
To be a Witneſs to the Truth I came
Into the VVorld, the Pious do ſubmit
Unto my Rule, and never queſtion it.

Then

Then *Pilate* ask'd him, what by Truth he meant,
But waited not his Answer, out he went
Unto the Jews, & ask'd them why they brought
This Man to him, in whom he found no fault.
You know you have a Custom ev'ry Year,
When you do celebrate your Passover,
That I release a Pris'ner, whom ye chuse,
Will ye that I set free the King o'th' Jews?
Enrag'd at this, they all *Barabbas* cry,
Barabbas we will have, let this Man dye.
Now this *Barabbas* was a Robber known,
And cast in Prison for a Murder done.

Pilate much fearing that the stubborn Jews
Would make an uproar, if he should refuse
To punish Jesus, forthwith gave command
Unto a Souldier of the *Roman*-Band,
To Scourge the Pris'ner, hoping they would be
Appeas'd with this, and Vote his Liberty.
From Head to Foot the Villain strips him bare,
And with his Scourge his tender Flesh doth tear,
A Crown of Thorns the Souldiers wreath, which done,
Upon his sacred Brow they crush it on.
Pierc'd to the Skull, down trills the purple Goar,
In trembling drops upon the blushing Floor.
A purple Robe of *Tyrian*-dy they throw,
Upon his Shoulders, with the Knee they bow,
And thus salute him,--Hail great King o'th' Jews,
His tender Sides with cruel Rods they bruise,
Thus rudely us'd, *Pilate* goes forth again,
And tells the Jews he finds no fault i'th' Man.

Him

Him follows Jesus with their marks of Scorn,
A purple Robe, and Diadem of Thorn.
Pilate presents him to them, lo, said he,
What's here of Terrour, or of Majesty? (move
Neither his Wounds, nor Tears of Blood, could
Their Savage-Breasts to show one spark of Love.
The sight of them encreast their Thirst the more,
After his Death, the Souldiers o're and o're,
With the Chief Priests importunately cry,
To have him judg'd to Death immediately.
When *Pilate* found that nothing would asswage
But Death, the burning Passion of their Rage,
Take him, said he, for I profess I find
No fault in him, and if you have a mind
To have him dye, do you your selves the deed,
I dare no farther in this Case proceed.
We have a Law, and by that Law you may,
Reply the Jews, the great Blasphemer slay;
Who makes himself the Son of the Most High,
As he hath done, ought by our Laws to Dye.
The Son of God, the Jews no sooner said,
But *Pilate* trembled, and was sore affraid;
With hasty Steps unto the Judgment-Hall
He goes again, and doth for Jesus call.
The tortur'd Pris'ner was no sooner come,
But he demands what Lineage he came from.
To him no Answer Jesus doth afford,
Long he expects, but doth not get one word.
Wilt thou not speak, said *Pilate*, unto me,
Who have the pow'r to kill, or set thee free?

I own thy pow'r said Jesus, and submit
Unto the Cross when thou shalt sentence it.
Yet know, the power thou hast over me
From God proceeds, 'tis he who gives it thee.
Therefore the greater Sins the Jews commit,
Who make thy power to their Wills submit,
To crucifie the great Creator's, Son,
Meerly because they will it should be done.
Appall'd at this, from henceforth *Pilate* sought
To free his Pris'ner, but the Jews cry'd out,
Thou art not *Cæsars* Friend, nor do'st discharge
Thine Office truly, should'st thou him enlarge
Who makes himself our King, and he doth so,
Deserves to Dye, for he is *Cæsar*'s Foe.

Then *Pilate* hearing what the Jews did say,
Into the place he went call'd *Gabbatha*.
Down on the Seat of Judgment straight he sat
Commanding Jesus forthwith to be brought,
This on the Preparation-day was done
Of their great Feast, & 'twas towards the Noon
Behold your King, said *Pilate*, they all cry,
Away, away with him, and let him Dye.
Will ye consent unto so foul a thing,
Said *Pilate*, as to Crucifie your King?
Cæsar's our King, no other King we'll own,
For this bold Wretch who claims a Sov'raign
(Thro
Reply'd the Jews, we know his Father's Name
And the despised Town from whence he came

And ſcorn to yield our Necks to ſuch a One,
Who a Blaſphemer is, and Rebel known.

His Death.

Pilate, with this their Envy over-come,
Paſt from his trembling-Lips the final Doom,
Decreed by the great God, to drink the Cup,
And then moſt vilely gave his Priſ'ner up
Unto their Rage, who to the Slaughter goes,
Dumb as a Lamb mid'ſt his inſulting Foes;
Bearing his Croſs, moſt of that tedious way
As he aſcended unto *Golgotha*.
Where being come, and nail'd upon the Wood
Through both the Hands and Feet, theſe Mon-
(ſters ſtood,
And with reproachful Terms did him revile;
Though for their Sins his Wounds did bleed the
Two guilty Villains one on either ſide, (while.
Of this moſt ſpotleſs Lamb they Crucify'd.
Such an inglorious End to him they gave
Who had no Sin, but Sinners came to ſave.
Over his Croſs after the *Roman* Rite,
Pilate his Accuſation thus did Write,
Jeſus of Naz'reth *the King of the Jews*,
In Syriack, Greek, and Latin, he did chuſe
To have it Writ, becauſe the place was nigh
To *Salem*, where this Victim hung on high.
And many People were aſſembled there
To celebrate the Feaſt and Paſſover.

When the Chief Priests and Scribes the Title
They humbly begg'd to have it altered, (rea
And in the Room of it upon the Cross
To write, he said, the King o'th' Jews he was.
But *Pilate* told them what is writ, is writ,
I am resolv'd, I will not alter it.

Now when the Souldiers had their duties
And crucify'd the great Jehovah's Son, (don
Before his spotless Soul had took its flight,
From its most pure abode, they in his sight
Seiz'd on his Garments, to division went,
And in four parts his under Vest they rent;
Each took his share, but when the seamless Co
All of one piece, wove from the top through-
(ou
They had well view'd, they judg'd 'twould u
(less
If it were torn, therefore they all agree,
That he who with the Dice could highest thro
The whole entire Vest to him should go.
These things they did that *David*'s Prophec
Which he foretold of them, fulfill'd might be.

Now by the Cross of Jesus, full of grief
The ever-blessed Virgin, with the Wife
Of *Cleophas* were standing, and with them
The pen'tent *Mary*, all in Tears for him.
When Jesus mid'st his Tortures did espy
These three, and *John* lamenting bitterly,
He calls his Mother, and his deares *John*,
Woman, says he to her, behold thy Son;

To the Diſciple he did likewiſe ſay,
Behold thy Mother; from that very day
Unto his houſe ſhe went, as if ſhe were
His aged Mother he did treat her there,
With great reſpect, and tenderneſs of care.
Jeſus conſid'ring that his work was done,
Each Prophecy fulfill'd, but only one,
That that might have its full completion.
He ſaid *I thirſt*--well might that Tongue be (dry,
Whoſe Soul was ſcorch'd with ſuch an Agony.
VVho bore a Burden none could bear but him,
The VVrath of God due to the VVorld for Sin.
When lo the comfort which theſe Tygers yield,
Ty'd to an Hyſop-ſtalk a Spung they fill'd,
Out of a Veſſel which was ſtanding near,
Full to the top of Gall and Vinegar;
This to his ſacred mouth they put, which he
No ſooner taſted, but immediately
He bow'd the Head, and bowing did commend
His Soul to God, and ſo his Life did end.
Then did the Sun, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
From twelve to three, obſcure his glorious Light.
O're all the Land th' affrighted Earth did quake,
And made that ſtately Pile the Temple ſhake,
So that its ſtrong Partition-Wall of Stone
Clave in two parts, with the Convulſion.
The Graves were open'd, and the Saints aroſe
From their cold Lodgings, and appear'd to thoſe Within

Within the City; the Centurion,
Who guarded Jesus, seeing what was done;
Trembling confest he was th' Almighty's Son.
Yet the remorsless Jews would not relent,
At these prodigious Signs, but joyntly went
To *Pilate*, and maliciously request,
That since the morrow was a day of Rest,
And the great day of their unleaven'd Feast,
He'd give command, their Legs first being brok
Down from the Cross their Bodies might be to
Pilate commands his Officers to do
What they desir'd, to the first they go,
And broke his Legs, they serv'd the other so
But when they came to Jesus, and perceiv'd
How that already he his last had breath'd;
They broke not his, but in his sacred Side,
One of the Souldiers broach'd a Wound so (w
That from the bloody Fountain gushing ca
Unmixed Water, with the purple Stream.
He who stood by, and saw these things doth
This true Relation, that ye might believe;
With this do both those Prophesies agree,
That in the Psalms, and that in *Zachary*.
Now when this horrid Tragedy was do
And from the Cross the Son of God ta'ne d
Joseph of *Arimathea*, a devout
But secret Follower of the Lord, besought
Pilate to have the freedom to Inter
The blessed Jesus, in his Sepulchre.
Pilate consents, come where his Master la
His sacred Body he removes away

Unto a Garden of his own hard by,
Where was a Tomb hew'n for himself to lye.
Him follows *Nicodemus*, (who was one
That in the night to Jesus oft was known
To come) into the Garden with Perfumes,
Of Myrrhe and Aloes, those embalming Gums.
Which rich Perfumes were then among the (Jews
For the Interment of their Dead in use.
With these in Linnen-Swaths upon theGround,
Joseph and he, their dearest Master wound,
And then the Body both of them convey,
Unto a Tomb wherein no man yet lay,
Having no time,their Sabbath drawing near,
To hew him out another Sepulchre.

His Resurrection.

Early upon the first day of the Week
Unto the Tomb, just as the day did break,
With Aromatick Spices *Mary* came
The Body of her Saviour to embalm.
When she perceiv'd (what she took care to have)
The massy Stone roll'd from the mouth o'th' (Grave,
She stooping look'd into the sacred Vault,
But found not him whom her Affection sought.
Seiz'd with a dreadful fear, she nimbly run
Unto the house, where *Peter* was, and *John*,
And told them how some envious Jew away
Had stole her Master, but where now he lay

She could not tell, nor light of any one
That could inform her, who the deed had done.
Both the Disciples hearing what she said,
In haste arose, and to the Garden made;
But *John* the nimbler of the two did come,
Long before *Peter*, to the empty Tomb.
And stooping down, he look'd and did espy,
Within the dreadful Grave the Swaths to lye,
Yet went not in but trembling waited there,
Till *Simon* came unto the Sepulchre.
Who boldly entring saw upon the Ground,
The Linnen-Swaths, which once his Master (wound
And neatly folded up, by them he found
The Napkin lying which his Temples bound.
But in no Corner, as he idly thought,
Could he perceive him in the silent Vault.
Then forth he came, and *John* went in to view
Both saw, and both believ'd the Story true,
Which *Mary* told, though they had heard him (say
Often that he should rise on the third day,
Neither to him, nor Scripture did they give
So much regard, as either to believe.
But to their homes they both, amaz'd to see
The Body gone, return'd immediately.
Now *Mary Magdalene* who did out-go
In an obsequious Love, the other two.
Staid weeping at the Grave, and looking down
Within the Tomb she saw two men unknown

One at the Head, the other at the Feet,
(White.
Sit where her Lord had lain, cloath'd all in
Both ask'd the reaſon why ſhe ſorr'wing ſtood,
And from her Eyes ſhowr'd down that pearly
(Flood.
Why ſhould you ask me this, ſince him I lov'd,
Who here was buried, they have hence remov'd;
And what is now become of him, ſaid ſhe,
Fain would I know, but none will tell it me.
Why 'mong the Dead, ſhould you ſuppoſe to find
The Living, ſaid the Angels, call to mind,
Did he not tell you he would riſe again
On the third day, he hath perform'd the ſame.
To his Diſciples go, and tell them He
Is riſen, and will go to *Galilee*.
As ſhe was turning from the Sepulchre,
Doubting the Truth of what they told to her,
She ſaw the Perſon whom ſhe weeping ſought
Standing behind her, but ſhe knew him not;
Jeſus, who knew her Love, and ſaw her Tears,
Willing to dry them up, and eaſe her Fears;
Ask'd her why ſhe lamented, and for whom
She was in Search into the Garden come?
Sir, if thou art the Gard'ner who do'ſt look
Unto this place (ſaid ſhe) and hence haſt took,
The Body, tell me now but where it lyes,
And it ſhall never more offend thine Eyes,
For at my own expence I will take care
To find for it another Sepulchre?

Mary, saith Jesus; straight the Voice she knew,
And cry'd *Rabboni*, Master, Is it you?
Prostrate upon the earth to kiss his Feet,
She threw her self, ravish'd again to meet
Him rais'd to Life, whom she thought dead, but
VVould not allow her love such liberty.
Forbear, said he, as yet I have not been
Up with my Father, to my Brethren
Haste, and assure them to my God I go,
In Heaven to provide a place for you.

Then to the place where the Disciples were,
The joyful *Mary* came, and did declare
How she had seen the Lord, and likewise what
He did command, but they believ'd her not.
When in the Ev'ning of that day, they were
Assembled, with the Doors close shut, for fear
Of the malicious Jews, in Jesus came
They knew not how, and thus saluted them--
Peace be unto you --- when he had so said
They trembling stood, most terribly affraid,
Concluding that it could not Jesus be,
But a delusion which they there did see.
Yet when he show'd his Hands and wounded
Those Marks which he receiv'd when Crucify'd
The Souls rejoyc'd, and all with one accord
Acknowledg'd him to be their Sov'raign Lord.
He therefore to confirm their Faith, begun
T' expound the Scriptures, which had long before
His cruel Death, and Resurrection.

And by his Spirit made them plainly ſee
The full import of ev'ry Prophecy.
And now farewell, ſaid he, yet 'fore I go,
The ſame Commiſſion I do give to you,
Which I receiv'd, to plant a Church I came,
Do ye ſucceed me, and compleat the ſame.
Be of good comfort, to aſſiſt you here
I'le ſend you down the bleſſed Comforter.
But here attend ye, till he doth come down
Then did he go, and breath on ev'ry one,
And by ſo doing did his Followers fit
For that unerring guide the Holy Sp'rit.
Which at the Feaſt of *Pentecoſt* came down,
And ſate like flaming-Fire, on ev'ry one.
He gave the Keys of Heav'ns glorious Gate
Into their Hands, to Excommunicate
The ſtubborn Sinner, to abſolve or bind
They Power had, as they juſt cauſe did find.
But *Thomas*, called *Dydimus*, the Twin,
Who was not with them when the Lord came in,
Now being come, they up and told him how
Jeſus had with them been but even now.
But he declar'd, unleſs his Eyes did ſee, (be.
And Hands did touch his Wounds, he'd faithleſs
When his Diſciples that day ſev'nights were
Met at their uſual Place to joyn in Pray'r,
The Lord of Life the ſecond time did come,
They knew not how into the cloſe-ſhut Room.
Thomas, ſaid he, ſince you will not believe
Your Fellow-Servants that I am alive,

Except

Except your Hands do touch, and Eyes do see,
Thoſe cruel Marks beſtow'd on me;
Behold my Wounds, thy Fingers thruſt into
This Side of mine, and be not faithleſs now.
My Lord and God! ſaid *Thomas*, now I know
And am convin'd, the very God art thou.
Had'ſt thou before believ'd what thou haſt (ſeen,
Thy Faith, ſaid Jeſus, had then nobler been
Than now it is, my bleſſing I do give
To them who ſee me not, and yet believe.

His Aſcenſion.

Full forty days th' Eternal Son of God,
After he roſe again, on Earth abode.
Teaching his Followers what they ought to do,
To make the World his Fathers Will to know,
And now juſt ready to aſcend his Throne,
To take poſſeſſion of his purchas'd Crown,
He went unto Mount-*Olivet* with them,
Sev'n Furlongs diſtant from *Jeruſalem*.
Upon whoſe lofty Brow with Hands lift high,
Unto the ſacred Throne of Majeſty,
He bleſſed them, which having done, a bright
And ſhining Cloud convey'd him from their (ſight,
Up to the glorious Seat of Bliſs where He,
Triumphant ſits to all Eternity.

To the Eternal Three above,
Father, Son, and Spirit of Love,
By all the glorious Hoſt in Heav'n,
And Men on Earth, be Glory giv'n.

On Chriſt's Sufferings.

LOrd, what is Man! that thou from Bliſs,
Where Love in full perfection is,
Should'ſt ſend thy Son, thine only One,
To be contemn'd, and ſpit upon,
To be the abject and the ſcorn,
Of ev'ry Villain, to be torn
With cruel Rods, to be revil'd,
And live as 'twere a life exil'd;
And after all this ignomy,
To hang on the accurſed Tree.
That the eternal God above
Should chuſe this way, to ſhow his love
To ſuch as we, who do return,
Inſtead of gratitude, our ſcorn;
That he his only Son ſhould ſend,
To ſuffer an inglorious end,
And make the Innocent to be
An Offering for Impiety,
It raiſes wonder, but 'twas ſo,
Jeſus did all this undergo;
Not by compulſion, 'twas his choice
He ſuffer'd, that we might rejoyce.

All

All this he did for to regain
Loſt Souls from an eternal pain.
And, Jeſus, ſhall not we expreſs
Our thanks to thee for happineſs;
Had'ſt thou not dy'd we had remain'd,
As Satans Victims, ever chain'd;
No act of ours could e're have wrought
That Reconcilement, thou haſt bought,
With thy dear Blood; thou Heav'ns Rage
Did'ſt fully with thy Death aſſwage.
Such obligations, Lord, ſhould move
Our ſtony-hearts to melt with Love,
And in the ſtricteſt duty bind
To thee the Souls of all Man-kind.

CANTATE DOMINO CANTICVM NOVUM.

Praise the Lord upon the harp sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

EIGHTEEN
OF
David's
PSALMS
PARAPHRAS'D.

By the same Hand.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. E.* for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel*-Street in *Covent-Garden*, 1680.

Eighteen of Davids *Pſalms Paraphras'd.*

PSALM 22.

MY God, my God! Why am I left
Helpleſs, in my diſtreſs bereft
Of that protection I have had,
Why are my Foes with Conqueſt clad?
I call and weep both day and night,
To thee, my God, to thee for right.
But, O my Crys and Tears are vain,
There's no redreſs, no eaſe of pain.
All this ſhall not diſcourage me,
Since I do know thou juſt wilt be;
And true to ev'ry promiſe, Thou
Haſt bound thy Self to me by Vow.
And though Thou let'ſt mine Enemys
Inſult, and deaf art to my Crys,
Yet, Lord, thou holy art, and ſtill
Deſerv'ſt the praiſe of *Iſrael.*

Our Fathers they rely'd on thee,
Thou, Lord, waſt their ſecurity.
When dangers did their Souls ſurround,
To thee they call'd, and freedom found.

But I my Foes moſt deadly ſcorn
With patience hitherto have born;
The vulgar and ignobler ſort
Do make my miſery their ſport,
In an inſulting way they cry,
Let his Salvation now draw nigh,
He truſted in the Lord, that he
Would help him in adverſity,
Let him ſtretch out his arm and ſave,
If either ſtrength or pow'r he have.
But, Lord, their ſcorn and cruelty,
Shall not diſmay or trouble me;
Since I have always found thine arm
Able to reſcue me from harm;
Since from the Womb I came, alone
Thou haſt been my Salvation;
And from my Mothers tender Breaſt,
My God, my hope wert, and my reſt.
Now be not far from me, but ſave,
Permit not the triumphing-Grave,
Inſatiate as my cruel-Foes,
My Life untimely to encloſe.
Redeem my Soul, there's none, I know,
Except my God, can help me now;
For I am cloſe beſieg'd, and brought
To that diſtreſs I can't get out.
Like as a rav'ning Lyon doth,
Roaring purſue with open mouth
The helpleſs Creature, that he may
Affrighted fall, and be his Prey;

So

So do my Foes threaten, and rave,
To bring my Soul unto the Grave.
So week and feeble I am grown,
Waſted to nothing, ev'ry bone
Disjoynted, from its place doth ſtart;
Like Wax diſſolv'd ſo is my Heart.
And as a Potſheard ſo my ſtrength
Is dryed up, my Tongue at length
Cleaves to my Jaws, my earthly-Frame
Is now returning whence it came.
For the blood-thirſty have beſet
And clos'd me round, my Hands and Feet
They have tranſfixt, diſtended on
The ſhameful Croſs, I ev'ry Bone
Can truly count, as if I were
A Monſter, they upon me ſtare.
And having got me in their Toyl,
They reckon all I have their Spoil.
They part my Garments, but the Lot
Is caſt upon my ſeamleſs Coat;
Contented rather than it tear
The whole ſhould go to one Mans ſhare.
But be not far from me, O Lord,
My chiefeſt ſtrength, thy help afford;
And from theſe bloody-Men ſet free
Thine only One, O reſcue me!
And as in former time thine Ear
Hath open been unto my pray'r,
Be ready now my Life to ſave,
From the devouring Jaws o'th' Grave.

Then in the Congregation I
Will ſing thy praiſe contin'ally,
And to thy Faithful there declare,
How great thy Love and Mercies are.
Ye Seed of *Jacob* ſpend your days
In Songs of Thanks, and hearty Praiſe,
For he hath not deſpis'd my Pray'r
When in Affliction, but his Ear
Hath been attentive, and his Face
He hath not vail'd in my diſgrace.
All my diſcourſes Lord ſhall be
Of theſe thy Favours ſhown to me;
My Vows within thine Houſe I'le pay,
Among the Faithful, that they may
Joyn in Devotion, and each one
Send up their thanks unto thy Throne;
Remembring that in times of want
Thou evermore art pleas'd to grant
Unto the poor, when they do call,
Refreſhments, to rejoyce them all.
Thoſe Nations who thy Laws do ſcorn,
When they hear this, ſhall to thee turn,
And joyntly yield with one accord
To worſhip thee, as Supreme Lord,
For thou art Governour of all,
And all muſt to thy Footſtool fall.
Thoſe thou haſt fill'd with good ſhall bow
And they who to the Pit do go,
Who none of all thy VVonders know,
Their Seed ſhall ſerve thee, they thy worth
And righteouſneſs ſhall warble forth,

From age to age ſhall be made known
This that thou Lord for me haſt done.
That all men may as well as I,
Confide in thee for Victory.

PSALM 23.

1.

THe Lord my Shepheard is, whoſe care
Doth over me preſide;
No want, nor any tort'ring fear,
Shall long with me abide.

2.

He into flow'ry Meads doth bring
Me, where I feed all day,
And leads me to the bubling Spring,
Where I my thirſt allay.

3.

His Spirit doth my Soul revive,
And for his Name-ſake he
Doth gently lead me, while I live,
In paths of Piety.

4.

Though I ſhould greatly be diſtreſt,
O're-whelm'd in deep deſpair,
On thy protection, Lord, I'd reſt,
And would no evil fear.

5.

For thou my Shepherd art, thy Sheep
Thou never do'ſt neglect,
My Soul thou wilt from danger keep,
And ſafely me protect.

6.

In preſence of my envious Foes,
Thou do'ſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with ſprightly Wine o're-flows,
Sweet Oyls anoint my Head.

7.

Mercy and Truth in a full Tyde
Shall ever follow me,
Within thine Houſe I will reſide,
And ſing my praiſe of thee.

PSALM 25.

1.

MY God, in deep diſtreſs,
I lift my Soul to thee,
There's none ſo timely can redreſs,
As thou, my miſery.

2.

Since I my truſt repoſe
In thee my ſure defence,
Exalt my name, leſt that my Foes
Deride my confidence.

3.

Shame none who love thy Laws,
Let the perfideous be
Cloath'd with contempt, who without cauſe
contemn thy Saints, and Thee.

4.

Each minute I implore
Thy ſpecial Grace, O ſhow
Thy Servant how he evermore
Thy ſacred Will may do.

5.

Keep me as thou haſt done,
In thine unerring way,
Thou God of my Salvation,
Permit me not to ſtray.

6.

But call to mind that love
And bounty I have ſeen,
A God of tender mercies prove,
As thou of old haſt been.

7.

As for thoſe days I ſpent
In Sins of high degrees,
Remember not, now I repent
Thoſe grand impurities.

8.

But as thy mercy's great,
Let thy compaſſions ſhine
Upon a wretched Profligate,
Who humbly now is thine.

9.

Thou art moſt good and juſt,
And 'tis thy glory, Lord,
To teach tranſgreſſors how they muſt
Conform unto thy Word.

10.

All thoſe who humble are,
In Judgment he will guide,
From vertuous paths he doth declare
Their Feet ſhall never ſlide.

11.

His mercy ever lives,
His truth doth never dye,
Of theſe the fruits he ever gives
To his continually.

12.

Forgive me then, O Lord,
Thoſe Sins of high degree,
Which I have wrought, O looſe the Cord
Of mine Iniquity.

13.

Who dreads to diſobey,
The Lord will not refuſe
To teach that man the ſaving way,
His Soul ſhould always chuſe.

14.

His Barns and Coffers ſhall
Enjoy the richeſt ſtore,
His Seed ſhall here inherit all
He leaves, and ten times more.

15.

15.

Nor will he e're conceal
Thoſe duties he ſhould do,
What is of moment to reveal
He ſhall be ſure to know.

16.

So now what ever ſtrait
Attends my wandring Feet,
On my Salvation I will wait,
Who'l free me from the Net.

17.

Thy help I now implore,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Make bare thine Arm as heretofore,
For I have need of thee.

18.

Free me in my diſtreſs,
The preſſures of my heart
Do ev'ry minute, Lord, encreaſe,
O ſhow thy ſaving art.

19.

Forgive thoſe Sins which are
The cauſe of all this hate,
Which my malicious Foes declare,
My caſe commiſerate.

20.

For dayly they encreaſe,
And hate mine innocence,
Unjuſtly they diſturb my peace,
Chaſtiſe their inſolence.

21.

And in thine arms infold
My Soul which truſts in thee,
Mine innocence, O God, uphold,
As thou haſt promis'd me.

22.

O free thine *Iſrael*
From troubles which incloſe
His habitations, make him dwell
Secure amidſt his Foes.

PSALM 31.

1.

IN thee, O Lord, I place my truſt,
Bow down thine Ear, and from the Grave
Preſerve my Life, as thou art juſt,
And ſhew thy mighty Arm can ſave.
O let me never ſuffer ſhame
For my affiance in thy Name.

2.

Be thou my Rock, and Caſtle ſtrong,
When any threat'ning ſtorms appear,
Where I may reſt ſecure from wrong,
Till all the Clouds diſperſed are.
Direct and guide me all my days,
Through all the Lab'rinths of my ways.

3.

Into thy hands I do commit
My very Soul, redeem'd by thee, Enlarge

Enlarge my Feet, from out the Net
In ſecret laid to miſchief me.
Thou know'ſt, O Lord, thou God of truth,
Thine I have been up from my youth.

4.

In thee the Saviour of the Juſt,
Not in the Gentile Vanities,
I have repos'd my chiefeſt truſt,
Lord I abhor their practices;
And always thought their Auguries,
And Divinations to be lies.

5.

All my delight and joy ſhall be
To reckon up thy mercies ſhown,
In Troubles thou haſt thought on me,
And ſet my Feet in a large room,
Free from the rage of all my Foes,
Whoſe malice did my Life incloſe.

6.

Yet I no end of trouble know,
I ſigh, and mourn, my years away,
My Sins have brought me very low;
For want of Fleſh my Bones decay.
Mine Eye it is conſum'd with grief,
Have mercy Lord, and ſend relief.

7.

For I am made the mirth and ſcorn
As well of Friends, as Enemies,
They count me as a man forlorn,
Becauſe thou deaf art to my cries;

Strangers

Strangers and Friends, as men affraid,
Fly from me, and withdraw their Aid.

8.

Like as a man that's dead and gone,
Or as a Potters broken Pot,
Fit for no uſe I'm look'd upon,
Thrown out of Doors and quite forgot;
But ſhow thy skill, and ſave my Soul,
As thou haſt broke, ſo make me whole.

9,

Lord I have heard the ſlaundrous lyes,
And ſcoffs of my invet'rate Foes,
Up in Rebellion they deviſe
To cut me off, but interpoſe,
For I have put my truſt in thee,
Thou art my God, O reſcue me.

10.

Thou better know'ſt, O Lord, than I
When is the fitteſt time to ſend
Thy ready Succours, then draw nigh,
To all my troubles put an end;
Upon me make thy Face to ſhine,
And ſave him who was ever thine.

11.

For ſince I have addreſt my Pray'rs
To thee, thine honour lies at ſtake,
To ſet me free from all my fears.
The Wicked who thy Laws forſake
Cut off, but Lord my Life defend,
And let confuſion be their end.

12.

Silence the lying Lips of thoſe
Who in a proud and ſcornful way,
Aſperſe thy Saints, the righteous,
Before the Sons of Men, one day
Thou wilt their injur'd Fames reſtore,
To their full Shine they had before.

13.

Under thy Wings they ſhall abide,
Secure from the Oppreſſours wrongs,
In thy Pavillion thou ſhalt hide,
And keep them ſafe from ſtrife of Tongues.
Bleſt be my God, whoſe help I found,
When num'rous Foes begirt me round.

14.

Yet I was tempted in my flight,
To think I ſhould a Victim fall,
Though thou had'ſt often ſhown thy might,
Unto the furious Rage of *Saul*;
But I no ſooner did addreſs
My Pray'rs to thee, but found redreſs.

15.

Let all his Saints with me adore,
And love the Lord, who doth preſerve
The faithful, but doth evermore
Reward the proud as they deſerve;
Courage like Men, but act your parts,
And God ſhall ſtrengthen all your hearts.

PSALM

PSALM 40.

3.

FUlly reſolv'd with patience to attend,
Until the Lord had granted my requeſt,
I found at length my Pray'rs obtain'd their end,
He calm'd thoſe fears which gave my Soul no (reſt.

2.

And brought me ſafe out of that dreadful Pit
Of miſery wherein I long was held,
As on a Rock he firmly ſet my feet,
And all my goings afterwards upheld.

3.

For theſe his Mercies I'le extol his Name,
And will from day to day extol his praiſe,
Many ſhall fear him when they hear this fame,
And render true obedience to his ways.

4.

That Soul is bleſt who wholly doth rely
Not in the ſtrength of Man, whoſe frame is duſt,
Who diſ-regards the Proud, and thoſe that lye,
Contemns their aid, but in the Lord doth truſt.

5. (done,

Thoſe gracious works which thou for us haſt
Should I endeavour to recount them all
In order, Lord, I cannot ſet them down,
Not the one half to my remembrance call.

6.

I know full well thou do'ſt no pleaſure take
In Sacrifices, or Burnt-Offerings, (weak,
Theſe are but Shaddows and will prove too
To take away the guilt of all our Sins.

7.

Thy Son muſt come, and then our ſins they ſhall
By an Oblation of himſelf, Lord, be
For ever pardon'd, and thy Servants all
From the obſervance of theſe Rites ſet free:

8.

Lo he will come, O God, to do thy Will,
To live a life moſt ſpotleſs in thine Eyes,
Thy Laws he will moſt perfectly fulfill,
And then give up himſelf a Sacrifice.

9.

Thy Righteouſneſs and Truth, as thou can'ſt tell,
And thy Salvation, I have publiſh'd forth,
To all thy Saints who in thy Courts do dwell,
I have not hid but magnify'd thy worth.

10.

Do thou, O God, my fainting heart preſerve,
Againſt thoſe Foes who ſeek my overthrow,
And though I juſtly for my Sins deſerve (ſhow.
Thy greateſt Plagues, yet, Lord, thy mercies

11.

Confound with ſhame all thoſe who lye at
To take away my life, do thou afford (watch
Thy timely ſuccour, and their own lives catch
In thoſe ſame ſnares, which they have ſet, O
Lord.

12.

12.

As for the bitter ſcoffs th'ave thrown at me,
Return them on themſelves, as their reward;
Let me, O God, their ſpeedy ruine ſee,
And when they call let not their cries be heard.

13.

Then ſhall thoſe pious Souls who truſt in thee
Rejoyce, that thou art juſt in all thy ways,
Inflam'd with love they ſhall contin'ally
Applaud thy Mercies, and ſing forth thy Praiſe.

14.

When I am low and in great miſery,
Thou art my Help, my Fortreſs, and my Stay,
To thee, O God, for ſuccour do I fly,
To my Salvation haſte, make no delay.

PSALM 41.

1.

BLeſt is the Man who takes a tender care,
Of thoſe who on the Bed of Sickneſs lye,
He need not in his Viſitation fear,
But to find favour, and that ſpeedily;
In all his troubles God will interpoſe,
For his relief, and bleſs him from his Foes.

2.

When that Diſeaſes on his Body ſeize,
And on the Bed of Sorow he is caſt,

Where

Where others tumble, and can find no eaſe,
Rack'd with tortures of their actions paſt,
Then will the Lord for mercies he hath ſhown
Soften his Bed, and ſtrengthen him when down.

3.

I humbly therefore at the Throne of Grace,
Beg that the guilt of all my Sins may be
For ever pardon'd, hide not, Lord, thy face,
But heal my Soul as thou haſt promis'd me;
Though I deſerve thy Wrath, yet love expreſs,
And ev'ry thought and crooked act redreſs.

4.

My Foes a thouſand ways my ruine plot,
Concerning me they ſpeak maliciouſly;
When will he dye, ſay they, and be forgot,
Let his name periſh to Eternity;
Before my Face none more obliging are,
Behind my back their hatred they declare.

5.

Thus underhand they ſecretly combine
To make me odious in the Eyes of all,
Invention's rack'd to compaſs this deſign,
And Slaunders are contriv'd to work my fall;
Defam'd they think my Name ſhall never riſe,
Under the load of all their Calumnies.

6.

My own familiar Friend who always eat
At my own Board, and in my Boſom lay,
Whom with the great'ſt endearments I did treat,
My moſt retir'd Counſels did betray;

But,

But, Lord, reſtore me to my Throne, and Right,
That their perfidious acts I may requite.

7.

By this I gueſs thou haſt a love for me,
Becauſe I find thy watchful Providence,
Hath diſappointed them of Victory,
And hitherto preſerv'd mine Innocence;
For which both I, and all with one accord
Will ſing Eternal Hymns to *Iſr'els* Lord.

PSALM 51.

1.

CLeanſe me, O Lord, from that moſt horrid (Sin
Of guiltleſs Blood, which Luſt hath brought me in,
And from the boundleſs Ocean of thy Love,
Let not my other ſins my ruine prove;
To ſuch an high degree I have tranſgreſt,
That whereſoe're I go I find no reſt.

2.

And though no earthly Judge can claim a right
To puniſh my Tranſgreſſions in thy ſight,
I ſtand arraign'd, and to thy Sentence muſt
Or ſtand, or fall, as to a doom moſt juſt.
If to eternal Flames, I muſt obey,
No reſcue thence, though I a Scepter ſway.

3

3.

Thou better knoweſt O Lord my frame, than I,
How I was ſhapen in iniquity,
When in my Mothers Womb I then put on
The ſpotted-Garment of Corruption;
But this is no excuſe for this foul fact,
Which my unbridled Luſt hath made me act.

4.

Full well I know, that in the inward-part,
Thou lov'ſt a ſpotleſs, and a ſincere heart;
I have ſuffic'ent Grace from thee to know
What to forbear, and what I ought to do;
Yet into wilful Sin I headlong run,
Againſt a clear and full Conviction.

5.

Purge me with Hyſop and I ſhall be clean,
Whiter than is the pureſt Snow from ſtain,
Let not *Uriah's* blood, which to thee cries
For vengeance, Lord, to my confuſion riſe;
But be thou reconcil'd, releaſe from pain
My tortur'd Soul unto her joys again.

6.

Return once more unto thy wonted Love,
And from thy ſight for evermore remove
My weighty Sins, and by thy work of Grace
Within my heart each luſtful thought deface,
That I may never by a wanton glance
Offend again, and ſo my Crimes enhanſe.

7.

Should'ſt thou for ever baniſh me thy ſight,
And from my Soul withdraw thy ſaving Light,
I were undone, but Lord afford thy Grace,
And vail not from mine Eyes thy glorious Face;
With thy free Sp'rit me to thoſe Joys reſtore
Which once I had, and let me fall no more.

8.

Then ſhall I Sinners by thy Grace convert,
And make Tranſgreſſors in thy ways expert,
Then ſhall my Tongue, when once my Soul is (freed
From the pollutions of this bloody deed,
Declare thy Truth, my Lips and Mouth ſhall be
From day to day employ'd, in praiſing thee.

9.

Did'ſt thou a legal Sacrifice deſire,
Thouſands of Bulls & Rams conſum'd with Fire,
Upon thy flaming-Altar thou ſhould'ſt ſee
Theſe offer'd up for my Adultery;
A broken and a contrite heart for Sin,
Is the burnt-Off'ring thou delighteſt in.

10.

Do good to *Sion*, ſhow thy Love to all
Who tread her Courts, and on thy Name do call;
Then ſhall the ſmoak of Bulls which we con- (ſume
Upon thine Altar yield a ſweet Perfume,
And with our Pray'rs and Praiſes reach thy (Throne
And Bleſſings thence upon our Heads pull down.

PSALM

PSALM 55.

1.

ALmighty God, who evermore art near
With thy Relief to thoſe who injur'd are,
Give ear unto my Pray'r, hear how I mourn,
Thruſt from my Kingdom, and purſu'd with (ſcorn.

2.

My Son and Subjects on my ruine bent,
Tax me as guilty of miſ-government,
They do complot my final overthrow,
With all the rancour that their hearts can ſhow.

3.

At this I tremble, and the diſmal thought
Of my apparent danger, Lord, hath brought
Such apprehenſions to my troubled mind,
That all the Terrours of the Grave I find.

4.

O that I had but Wings, then would I flee
Into ſome deſart place, where I might be (Son
Safe from the Storms and Tempeſts which my
And Subjects raiſe, by their Rebellion.

5.

But thou, O Lord, who always doſt deride
The Wiſdom of the Wiſe, do thou divide
Their Conſultations, make them diſagree
In their rebellious projects againſt me.

6.

For I have heard from a moſt faithful Friend,
Huſhai the Archite, whom I back did ſend,
That ſtrife & violence is their whole diſcourſe,
Their Tutelars to whom they have recourſe.

7.

Theſe guard the City day and night, the round
They walk about the Walls, within is found
Miſchief and Wrong, and all the Cruelties
That Villany can act, or wit deviſe.

8.

Had my reproach and all this miſery
Proceeded from an open Enemy,
I could have born it, ſure I had foreſeen,
And ſo prevented this I now am in.

9.

But it was thou whom I eſteem'd above
All other men, and as my Soul did love;
Thou who did'ſt all my ſecret Counſels know,
And with me to the houſe of God did'ſt go.

10.

For this perfidious act of his he ſhall
Not live to perfect his deſigns, but fall
With all his horrid Crimes down quick to Hell,
Since wickedneſs in all his thoughts doth dwell.

11.

But as for me, I'le call in my diſtreſs,
Thrice ev'ry day my Pray'r I will addreſs,
Unto his Mercy-Seat, and he ſhall hear,
And from the danger ſave me which I fear.

12

12.

Though this Rebellion with great ſtrength and (art
Is manag'd and contriv'd, God takes my part,
Who will in peace reſtore me to my right,
Maintain my Cauſe, and all my Battels fight.

13.

He will afflict them, and my Feet uphold,
Ev'n that God who doth abide of Old;
But they deſpiſe his Rod, becauſe they are
Succeſsful in the courſes which they ſteer.

14.

The Laws of their Allegiance they have broke,
They make, and at their pleaſure Oaths revoke,
Words ſmooth as Oyl were dropt, when all a- (long
They were inventing how to do me wrong.

15.

But let their baſe deſigns be what they will,
Never ſo wicked, my concerns ſhall ſtill
Be caſt upon the Lord, who will no doubt
Reſtore me to my Throne, though now thruſt (out.

16.

But the Blood-thirſty, and the Perjur'd ſhall
In their full ſtrength into deſtruction fall,
As for my ſelf I'le put my confidence
In thine Almighty-Arm for my defence.

PSALM 73.

1.

ALL who are ſincere ſhall find
God moſt gracious, juſt, and kind,
Ever ready to reward
Thoſe who do his Laws regard.

2.

Yet my Faith was well-nigh gone,
When I ſaw the Wicked run
In forbidden Paths at will,
And eſcap'd unpuniſh'd ſtill.

3.

When as thoſe who do obey
Thy Commands, and ſeldom ſtray,
Thine afflictive Rod do bear,
While theſe Wretches proſp'rous are.

4.

Full of Health, and likely long
Here to live, of Body ſtrong,
None of all thoſe Plagues they know
Which others feel and undergo.

5.

Rapine and Oppreſſion
As a Garment they put on,
In ſuch baſe unlawful means
They more Pride, than in juſt gains.

6.

6.

They in Wealth and Grandeur grow
Suddenly, and know not how,
And are Maſters of a Mine
Which they never did divine.

7.

To oppreſs is all their talk,
Thoſe who piouſly do walk,
They prophanely take a pride
God and goodneſs to deride.

8.

Therefore when the godly ſee
This their horrid Blaſphemy,
And thoſe evils which they do,
Some their Eyes with Tears o're-flow.

9.

Thus they argue, can God ſee
And permit ſuch Sins to be
Here unpuniſh'd, ſure his Eye
Can't diſcern Iniquity.

10.

Theſe in worldly-wealth encreaſe,
Flouriſh here, and are at peace,
In an even courſe they run
Till their Web is almoſt ſpun.

11.

But each Morning when I riſe,
Thou, O Lord, do'ſt me chaſtiſe;
Under preſſures ſore I live,
While the Wicked grow and thrive.

12.

Wherefore then have I in vain,
Kept my hands from unjuſt Gain,
Been in all my ways exact,
As to Thought, as well as Act?

13.

Such ſad thoughts did me confound,
But I ſoon mine errour found,
That it was a grand Offence
To diſtruſt thy Providence.

14.

Yet I was perplext in mind,
That the Wicked, Lord, ſhould find
So much favour, this to me
Seem'd at firſt a Myſtery.

15.

Till I with my Feet drew nigh,
Lord, unto thy Sanct'ary,
Then I underſtood thy ways,
And the end of theſe Mens days.

16

Sure on High thou do'ſt them ſet,
That their fall may be more great,
In a moment they come down
Headlong in deſtruction.

17.

O, thoſe Horrours that poſſeſs
Their ſad Souls, who can expreſs!
Sins like Furies on each hand
In moſt dreadful Forms do ſtand.

18.

Thou ſhalt make their Shaddow fly
In the twinkling of an Eye,
Riches, Pleaſures, and their All
Vaniſh, and to nothing fall.

19.

Then what Folly was't in me
To conceive a ſlight from thee;
Like a Beaſt to ſhow diſlike
When thy Rod did friendly ſtrike?

20.

For thou had'ſt a careful Eye
Over me partic'larly,
Free from danger did I ſtand
By thine All-protecting hand.

21.

Thou ſhalt me moſt ſafely lead
Through thoſe troubles which I dread,
Bringing me to great Renown,
And a never-fading Crown.

22.

Than thy Self I do not know
Any God that can do ſo,
Thou the God art whom I love,
Other Gods I don't approve.

23.

For I find thou ever art,
When Afflictions ſeize my Heart,
Always to me a ſtrong Fort,
Whereunto I may reſort.

24.

As for thoſe who put their truſt
In another, 'tis but juſt
That they ſhould for ever dye,
For their baſe Apoſtacy.

25.

But for me I will adhere,
Lord, to thee while I am here,
And excite Men to a Senſe
Of thy gracious Providence.

PSALM 49.

HEar all ye People; my Diſcourſe will be
A Meditation fit for each degree;
I'll treat of Wiſdom, that both Rich and Poor,
May gather Knowledg from her immenſe Store.
When Death and the Diſtempers of old Age,
Knock at my Door to leave this earthly Stage,
Wherefore ſhould I repine, and ſhow more Love
To this low Manſion than that bleſt above;
Where I ſhall far more laſting Treaſures find,
In value greater than thoſe left behind?

They who in Riches truſt, and do adore,
Within their Iron-Shrines, their Idol Oar,
Cannot with it themſelves or others ſave,
From the cloſe Hug of the reſpectleſs Grave.
Riches were never known to have that ſtrength
To reſcue Men from Death, they muſt at length

Turn

Turn to their Mother Earth, from whence they (all
Had their firſt Birth, and back again muſt fall.
The VViſe this Fate as well as Brutiſh have,
Death takes not one, and doth the other leave;
Yet do theſe Wretches live as if they were
Exempt in this ſame Doom to bear a ſhare;
They heap up Riches, but their Treaſures will
Fly from their own, and others Coffers fill.
For dye they muſt, and when they dye who (knows
But all their Stores go to enrich their Foes;
Yet their Poſſeſſions by their Names they call,
And fondly think their Dwellings firmly ſhall
Laſt while the World remains, their Heirs we ſee
Have the ſame thoughts of their Poſterity;
But Death will come, where in the Grave, that (hold,
They all muſt lye, as Flocks together fold,
Until the Reſurrection of the Juſt,
Who with the Lord that day in Judgment muſt
Help to condemn them; Lord, I hope that Morn
Thou wilt my Temples with a Crown adorn.
As for the Honours, and the large encreaſe
Of the Ungodly, and his ſhort-liv'd peace,
None ſhould be troubled, for that diſmal night,
In which he ſets, his Glories take their flight.
Though while he liv'd he thought himſelf moſt (bleſt,
And ſaid unto his Soul, 'Soul take thy reſt,
'For

'For I have laid me up a laſting Store
'Of Wealth & Honour, which the World adore;
'Theſe high will raiſe me on the Wings of Fame,
'And give me here a never-dying Name. (day)
'But when Death comes (in that ſame needful
'Theſe, like deceitful Friends, will ſlip away:
'Nor can they (as thou think'ſt) an Arch of (praiſe,
'Upon their Airy-Bottoms for thee raiſe.
'Nothing but heav'nly Wiſdom can enſure
'Praiſes unto thy Name, which ſhall endure.
'Wiſdom, which for the future doth take care,
'And ſeeks for Treaſures which immortal are.
'Man that in Honour & in Wealth doth grow,
'And underſtands not whence theſe Bleſſings (flow,
'Than the dumb Beaſts doth no more Wiſdom (ſhow.

Such Fools as he ſhall never have a ſight
Of thoſe eternal Joys of the upright.

PSALM 78.

ATtend ye Sons of *Jacob*, I'le unfold
To you thoſe Parables, our Fathers told
To us, that we ſhould to our Children ſhow
What mighty deeds God did for *Iſr'el* do.
That all ſucceeding Ages may ſing forth
His noble Acts, the greatneſs of his Worth.

This

This duty God did lay on *Iſrael*, (tell,
And ſtrictly charge they ſhould their Children
That Generations, which were yet unborn,
Might know the wondrous-Work of their re-
(turn,
And not his Mercies and his Judgments ſcorn:
And like their Fathers ſlight his eaſie Yoke,
Contemn this God, and other Gods invoke.
(and Bows,
The *Ephramites*, well Arm'd with Swords
Able to Conquer, fled before their Foes;
And why, they did forſake their chiefeſt ſtay,
Forgot the Wonders done the other day.
How God had brought them out of *Pharoah's*
(Land,
From their hard Tasks by his All-conqu'ring
The Sea divided, and the Waters round (hand;
As Bulwarks ſtood, they paſt through on dry
(ground:
A Cloud did Vail them as they walk'd by day,
I'th' night a Firy-Pillar ſhow'd the way.
He water'd them, as Shepheards do their Flocks,
Not in hew'n-Ciſterns, but from unhew'n Rocks;
Streams from thoſe craggy-Pyramids did flow,
And ſtep by ſtep did with his *Iſr'el* go.
Yet ſtill they murmur'd as they did before,
And with freſh Sins provok'd him more & more;
They quarrell'd God, and did his care diſtruſt,
They ask'd for Meat, not for their wants, but
Luſt.

Can

Can God, ſay they, here furniſh us a Table
Of Fleſh and Bread? he can't, he is not able;
'Tis true he quench'd our thirſt from yonder (Rock,
But where's the Fleſh to feed his hungry Flock?
When God heard this, his wrath like Fire did (burn,
His long-try'd Mercy did to anger turn,
Becauſe they disbeliev'd what he had done,
And gave no credence to's Salvation.
Though he had ſhown ſuch tokens of his Love,
By op'ning all the Clouds of Heav'n above,
And raining *Manna* that they all might eat,
That heav'nly-Bread he gave them for their (Meat;
He fill'd and fed them with the Angels Food,
And as the Waters when they make a Flood
Come tumbling down, ſo Fleſh ſhowr'd on the (ground
Vaſt heaps of Quails, did all their Camps ſur- (round.
Yet though at their requeſts he ſent this Meat,
They disbelieve him ſtill, and murm'ring eat,
Then was his Anger kindled, and the Chief
Of all their Tribes he ſlew for disbelief.
Though Plagues throughout their Camps like (Lightning run,
Their hearts were ſtubborn, and they would not (turn;
But ſtill they Sinn'd, and ſinning did declare
They'd not believe, in vain his Wonders were;
Therefore

Therefore their Rebel-lives he made them waſte
In that ſame place, but two eſcap'd at laſt.
But when exemplar puniſhments did fall,
They then return'd, and on their God did call;
Then they acknowledg'd that they were his (Flock,
He was their Saviour, and their mighty Rock;
Their Tongues did this declare, their Hearts the (while
Were as before as hollow, and as vile.
But God being full of Mercy did forgive
Their feign'd Repentance, willing they ſhould (live;
His Juſtice to his Mercy did give way,
Unwilling to conſume them in one day:
For he remember'd what they were, alas,
But as a Wind which ſoon away doth paſs.

Ten times their diffidence they did expreſs,
And long'd for *Egypt* in the Wilderneſs.
So ſenſleſs were they that they never thought
What there they ſuffer'd, nor how God had (brought
Them forth from thence, and by their *Moſes* (hand
Deſtroy'd the Pride and Glories of that Land.
He turn'd their wholeſome Rivers into Blood,
Vaſt Swarms of Flies, and Frogs devour'd their (Food.
The fruitful burdens of the Earth were loſt,
Their Vines with Hail were kill'd, their Trees with Froſt.

Their

Their Cows, their Sheep, their Aſſes, and their (Colts,
Either with Hail were ſlain, or Thunder-bolts.
So great his Anger was, his Wrath ſo fierce,
He did his Plagues throughout the Land diſperſe.
But while poor *Egypt* was thus ſore oppreſt,
To have their firſt-born ſlain of Man and Beaſt,
His Mercies and his care did ſtill attend
On *Iſrael*, he did their All defend.
He led them through the Sea as on dry ground,
In which proud *Pharoah*, and his Hoſts were (drown'd.
He led them all along, and Wonders wrought,
Till at the length he them to *Sion* brought.
Then dreadful Fears upon the Heathen fell,
Theſe Tribes o'recame them, in their Tents did (dwell.
They had not long poſſeſt, but ſoon were cloy'd,
They wanted ſomething, though they all en-
And as their Fathers did Apoſtatize, (joy'd;
So they to Idols offer'd Sacrifice.
When God heard this, he ſuffer'd Ark and all
His choſen Ones in Heath'niſh hands to fall.
So ſore diſpleas'd, and angry was the Lord,
He gave them up to the devouring Sword;
Their young-Men were deſtroy'd, their Virgins (now
Liv'd ſingle lives, by force, and not by Vow.
Their ſacred Prieſts did periſh by their Swords,
Their Wives expreſt no ſorrow by their words;
But

But Grief ſate lively painted on each Face,
Such conſternations were in ev'ry place;
That God took pity, and aroſe at length,
Gave their enfeebled-Hearts, and Arms freſh (ſtrength,
He ſmote with Botches in their hinder parts
The *Philiſtims*, and gave them tim'rous Hearts;
Their Dagon-God, they in their Temple found,
Before the Ark, lye ſharter'd on the ground.
So what they got they durſt not now defend,
But richly laded back again it ſend.
Moreover *Judah* of all *Jacobs* race
God choſe, and *Sion* for his reſting-place.
And this conſpic'ous-Hill 'bove all he bleſt,
Decreeing here his Ark ſhould ever reſt.
He lowly-*David* from his Sheep did take,
From that Employ, he made him undertake
The care of all his People, which with skill
He did perform, according to his VVill.
He govern'd them with Wiſdom, and with Art,
Walking before his God with all his heart.

PSALM 90.

1.

THou who art God from all Eternity,
Long 'fore this Globe of Earth was form'd by thee.

Thou who haſt ſince, bleſt be thy glorious Name,
Upheld both us, and this ſame earthly Frame,
Hear thou the fervent Pray'rs, the hearty-
(Groans,
That are ſent up by thine afflicted Ones.

2.

When Man, thine Image which thou did'ſt cre-
(ate,
Apoſtatiz'd from his firſt happy State,
Unhappy we by our Fore-fathers deed,
Have an entail of Death upon our Seed;
Our times are in thy Hands, and 'tis but juſt
When thou command'ſt, we ſhould return to
(duſt.

3.

Should we be ſuffer'd, Lord, to linger here
A tedious Life, as our Forefathers were,
That length of time *Methuſalah* did ſee,
What is it, Lord, to thy immenſity?
A thouſand years are nothing in thy ſight,
As yeſterday, or as a Watch i'th' night.

4.

Death as a Torrent ſweeps us clean away,
And in a moment all our Joys decay,
Like as the Graſs i'th' Morn, ſo ev'ry one
Doth flouriſh then, but is at Noon cut down.
So vain are we, and of ſo ſhort a time,
That all our Glories wither in their Prime,

5.

Thus are we ſnatch'd from off this worldly-
(Stage,
In the full ſtrength and verdure of our Age;
For

For thou haſt ſet before thy ſearching Eyes,
As well our cloſe, as known Apoſtacies;
In thy diſpleaſure all our days we ſpend,
And as a Vapour ſo our Lives do end.

6.

Threeſcore and ten is the computed length
Of our Terreſtrial Lives, but if through ſtrength
We do attain unto the fourthſcore year;
Then they are interwove with Grief and Care;
Like as a Dream ſo ſoon they paſs away,
So fading are our Joys, ſo ſhort's our ſtay.

7.

And though thy Wrath is equal to our fear,
Yet we ſo ſenſeſs are, and void of care,
That we contemn thy Rod, and think we ſhall
Inhabit here, and never dye at all;
But teach us ſo to number all our days,
That we may hate the Follies of our ways.

8,

Return, O Lord, at length; how long wilt thou
Look on thy Servants with an angry Brow?
O give us now thine everlaſting Love,
And from our harraſs'd-Souls do thou remove
The ſentence of Exciſion, long have we
Expected, Lord, thy promis'd-Land to ſee.

9.

Give days of Joys ſo many as may laſt,
Longer than all thoſe years of Sorrows paſt,
Now magnifie thy glorious work of Grace,
Not only unto us, but to our Race;

Thy gracious Favour and thy Mercy ſhow,
And frame our Wills, thy ſacred Will to do.

PSALM 91.

1.

HE who his whole concern entirely flings
Under the Shaddow of the Almighty's (Wings
Shall find a pow'rful God, a faithful Friend;
A certain Refuge to his Journeys end.

2.

This never-failing Axiome makes me go
To him, as to a Fort in which I know
No bloody-Wars, nor ſweeping Peſtilence,
Nor wit of Man, can ſnatch my Life from thence

3.

For as the ſtately Eagle guards from wrong,
Under her ſpreading Wings, her helpleſs Young
So will the God of all the Earth be ſure
Under his care that I ſhall live ſecure.

4. (flight

Though Deaths empoyſon'd Arrows take the
And ſlaughter thouſands both by day & nigh
Not one of all theſe deadly Shafts ſhall be
So rightly levell'd, as to miſchief me.

5.

Yet I ſhall ſee the Wicked's juſt reward,
Vaſt piles of thoſe who did not fear the Lord,

But in theſe heaps my Carkaſs ſhall not lye,
Becauſe I did upon the Lord rely.

6.

For he his holy Angels ſhall command, (Land,
When heavy Judgments poſt throughout the
That neither I, nor thoſe within my Wall,
Shall taſte thoſe evils on the Wicked fall.

7.

The Lyon and the Adder, without dread,
I ſhall encounter, on their Necks ſhall tread;
The rav'nous Beaſts like tame ones ſhall ſubmit,
And yield themſelves as conquer'd at my Feet.

8.

Becauſe my whole delight was to fulfill
The Laws of God, and to obey his Will,
Becauſe I did reſpect his glorious Name,
With honour he'll exalt me for the ſame.

9.

I ſhall no ſooner call but he will hear,
And free me from thoſe Judgments others bear,
He'll crown my Life with length of days below,
And me above will his Salvation ſhow.

PSALM III.

1.

I'le ever bleſs the Lord, and praiſe
His Name in ſecret with th' upright,

And in his Courts extol his ways,
Those Wonders done in *Isr'els* sight.

2.

His VVorks so great and many are,
They are a Meditation fit
For the most Pious, and by far
Than other studies, benefit.

3.

He great and glorious things hath done,
His Truth for ever shall abide,
He made us, and to ev'ry one
Hath been a Fort, and constant guide.

4.

Those worthy deeds which he hath wrought
VVithin each breast, have left behind
Impressions, time can never blot,
The Lord is merciful, and kind.

5.

VVhat-e're it is the Faithful want,
They never fail of a supply,
He will perform his Covenant,
To all his Servants faithfully.

6.

The Vertue of his VVorks were shown
Unto his People, in their sight
The Heathen from their Lands were thrown,
And *Israel* enjoy'd their Right.

7.

His Actions just and righteous are,
All his appointments stand so fast,

And that exact uprightneſs bear,
They never alter to the laſt.

8.

From the *Egyptian*-Yoke he freed,
As he did vow to *Abraham*,
The Jews his own peculiar Seed,
Holy, and Rev'rend his Name.

9.

Then let us all his Laws obey,
And of his Judgments ſtand in dread,
Theſe teach us VViſdom, and the way
To our eternal Joys they lead.

10.

And while we here a Being have,
Let's celebrate our Makers praiſe,
Tranſlated hence we never leave
To chant above the ſelf ſame Lays.

PSALM 134.

HAd not the Lord in a moſt ſignal way,
Stood up againſt our Foes, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Had not the God of *Jacob* ſet us free,
VVhen held in Fetters of Captivity,
The Torrent of their Fury had o're-run
Our Souls, with ruine and deſtruction.
But now his glorious Name be ever prais'd,
He to renown our abject State hath rais'd;

And hath preſerv'd us from their cruel Rage
VVhich nothing, but his Power, could aſſwage.
Safely at length our Souls eſcaped are,
Though late entangled, from the Fowlers Snare;
Yet not our Strength, nor Merits do we own
To be the Cauſe of our Salvation;
It was the Arm of the Almighty Lord, (ſtor'd.
Who Fought, and Conquer'd, and our Joys re-

PSALM 125.

1.

WHoſo on God relyes, ſtands fixt & ſure,
As *Sions* holy Mount, which ſhall en-(dure,
Upon whoſe ſacred Top the Lord declares
He will reſide, and hear his Servants Pray'rs.

2.

As *Salem*'s ſafe from ſtorms on ev'ry hand,
Fenc'd with thoſe lofty-Hills which round her (ſtand,
So are the Faithful, in th' Almighty's Arms
Impail'd ſecure from all deſtructive harms.

3.

Yet for a while Oppreſſion may take place,
And proſper here, diſturbing *Iſr'el*'s peace,
But the ungodly ſhall not long bear ſway,
Leſt that the Righteous prove as bad as they.

4.

For God is good, his care is over thoſe
Who are ſincere in heart, who do repoſe
Their confidence in him, he'l Crown their Love
With all thoſe Joys the Bleſſed reap above.

5.

As for thoſe Souls who baſely turn aſide
From all his Laws, and wont his Yoke abide;
Whom none of all his Judgments can forewarn,
In endleſs-Flames they ſhall for ever burn.
While in perpet'al peace his *Iſrael*,
That Her'tage of his own, ſhall ever dwell.

PSALM 133.

Lord, 1.

How glorious in thine Eyes do thoſe appear
Who follow peace, and as Religion binds,
In perfect union, communion are,
Having no diſcords in their ways and minds.

2.

Such happy concord yields a fragrant ſmell,
Like to that precious Oyntment which was (ſhed
Upon thy High Prieſts Crown, and downwards (fell
Upon his Beard, and o're his Garments ſpread.

3.

3.

As the refreſhing-Dew did gently fall
And cheriſh *Hermon*, and bleſs *Sions* Hill,
So on the peaceful Heads of ſuch Men ſhall
The bleſſings of the Lord, each Morn diſtill.

PSALM 140.

1.

DEfend me, Lord, from Malice and Deceit,
From all thoſe Snares, the Proud have (laid in wait
To catch my Soul, my ways they have beſet
VVith treach'rous Gins, and Nets my Life to (get;
But, Lord, their VViles, without thy leave I (know,
Cannot effect my wiſh'd-for overthrow.

2.

Like as a Serpent from his poys'nous Tongue,
Darts forth his Venome, ſo they all day long
From their deſtructive Tongues, without juſt (ground
With ſlaund'rous Lyes, my ſpotleſs Life do (wound;
But thou my Shield art, under whom I dwell
Secure, or in this Conflict I had fell.

3.

3.

Yet, Lord, leſt theſe Men ſhould exalted be,
As ſure they will, if that they ſhould go free,
Let their Device take no effect at all, (fall,
Wherein they thought to make me, make them
And riſe no more, let them in Flames expire,
And with thy burning VVrath, Lord, Fan the (Fire.

4.

This fatal Doom let it for ever be
The VVicked's Portion, that the Juſt may ſee
Thou wilt maintain their Cauſe, and from thy (Throne
Confound the lying and backbiteing-Tongue;
Then ſhall the Righteous flouriſh in thy ſight,
And Laud thy Name who do'ſt defend their (Right.

The end of the Pſalms.

THRENODIA:

OR, THE

LAMENTATIONS

OF

Jeremiah.

PARAPHRAS'D.

WITH A

PRAYER

FOR THE

CHURCH.

By *James Chamberlaine.*

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LAMENTATIONS.

CHAP. I.

1. *The miſerable eſtate of* Jeruſalem *by reaſon of her Sin.* 12. *She complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confeſſeth Gods Judgment to be Righteous.*

1.

HOw doth the City, ſhe that once was (known
To have her Temples circled with a Crown,
Sit with a mournful Wreath of Cypreſs now,
Like a forſaken VVidow, on her Brow?
She that was once among the Nations great,
And as a glorious Princeſs ruling ſate
Among the leſſer Provinces, is made
Unto the Foe to bow her ſtately Head.

2.

Down her pale Cheeks the pearly drops do trill
Both Day and Night, which from her Eyes (diſtill,
Amongſt her Lovers ſhe hath found not one,
That doth the troubles of her Soul bemoan,
And

And that which adds freſh Fuel to her Woes,
Is, that her Friends are now become her Foes.

3.

Judah, for all thoſe Cruelties which She
Hath done, is gone into Captivity,
She dwells among the Heathen, where her (mind
Doth no repoſe from all her Trouble find,
All her Purſuers, who did for her look
Have in the narrow ways her overtook.

4.

The Ways of *Sion* mourn, becauſe no Gueſts,
As they were wont, approach her ſolemn (Feaſts:
All her frequented Gates forſaken are,
No more Oblations in her Courts appear:
Becauſe theſe fail, her Rev'rend Prieſts do
Her lovely Virgins do in Sorrow live, (grieve,
And She who once an undiſturbed Peace
And plenty had, ſits now in heavineſs.

5.

Her Foes the only Chief are, who command
Within her Gates with an imperious Hand,
They proſper, happy and ſucceſsful are,
While She the Judgments of the Lord doth bear,
For her Tranſgreſſions, are her Children gone
Captives before her Foes to *Babylon*.

6.

From *Sions* Daughter all the lovely Grace
Departed is, that once adorn'd her Face;

Her

Her Princes are with Hunger almoſt pin'd,
Become like Harts that can no Paſture find;
Vainly they think with fainting Limbs to fly
Before the Hunter, but fall down and dye.

7.

Jeruſalem did to remembrance call
When ſhe afflicted was and made to fall,
Thoſe pleaſant and delightful things which ſhe
Loſt, when ſhe went into Captivity.
Her jeering Foes upon her Sorrows play'd,
And May-Games at her ſacred Sabbaths made.

8.

Jeruſalem hath ſinned grievouſly,
And is remov'd for her Impiety.
All that ador'd her, do her now deſpiſe
Having beheld her lew'd Adulteries:
Sighing ſhe turns her mournful Face aſide,
And vents her Sorrows in a Briny Tide.

9.

Fill'd with Pollution, in her wanton mind
Her fearful end could no admittance find:
Therefore, when leaſt ſhe did of Judgment dream,
Down from her fancy'd Bliſs ſhe headlong came
In a moſt fearful manner, and no Eye
Let fall a Tear at her Calamity.
Behold, O Lord, the troubles of my Breaſt,
And how they are by a proud Foe encreaſt.

10.

His impious hand hath from her Eyes remov'd
Thoſe ſacred things, which ſhe ſo dearly lov'd:
Within her Courts the Heathen have been ſeen,
Who were forbad by Thee to enter in.

11.

Her ſtarving People for the want of Bread
Do ſighing ſit, not to be comforted,
All their delightful things they given have
For Food, to ſave them from the noiſome Grave:
Behold, O Lord, conſider how I now
Am held in no eſteem, and made to bow.

12.

Have ye no ſenſe of my afflicted caſe,
Ye ſavage Monſters, who this way do paſs?
Stay but a while, and tell me if your Eyes
Have ſeen ſuch ſad amazing Miſeries,
As my incenſed God is pleas'd to lay
Upon my Soul, in this his wrathful day.

13.

He from above into my Bones hath ſent
Conſuming-Fire, as a puniſhment:
He for my Feet an unſeen Net hath ſpread,
Amid'ſt thoſe ſinful Paths I us'd to tread,
And backwards turn'd me; ſo that now I lye
Waſting, and fainting in my Miſery.

14.

He round my Neck hath put the heavy Band,
Of my Tranſgreſſions with his angry Hand:

And

And my *Herculean* Strength hath weaken'd ſo,
That I am captiv'd by a feeble Foe;
Nor ſhall I ever able be again
To burſt aſunder my uneaſie Chain.

15.

The Lord hath trampled under foot the ſtrong
And valiant Men, which did to me belong:
In fury he hath ſent an armed Hoſt
To ſlay my Youth, and ſpoil my fertile Coaſt:
As in a Wine-Preſs, the Almighty hath
Trod *Judah*'s Daughter, in his burning Wrath.

16.

No downy Sleep can on mine Eye-lids creep,
For theſe Afflictions day and night I weep;
Adown my Cheeks the briny Tears do rowl,
Becauſe the Lord, who ſhould relieve my Soul,
Is far from me: my Children deſolate are,
And Priſ'ners made unto the Foe in War.

17.

Sion for Succour hath her Hands ſtretch'd out,
But all in vain; the Lord hath round about
Girt *Jacob* with his Foes; *Jeruſalem*
Is as a menſtr'ous Wretch, abhorr'd by them.

18.

The Lord is Righteous, and his Judgments all,
For my notorious Sins, do juſtly fall
Upon my wanton head: I all my days
Have been a Rebel to his ſacred ways:
Hear, I beſeech you, all ye paſſers by,
Look how forſaken I in Sorrow lye:

My Maids, and young Men by a conq'ring-hand
Are Captives led, into another Land.

19.

I call'd on thoſe, whom I my Lovers thought,
To come and help me, but they help'd me not:
My Prieſts and Elders in the Streets fell Dead;
Famiſh'd with Hunger for the want of Bread.

20.

Behold, O Lord, the Judgments of my Sin;
My Bowels work, my heart can't reſt within;
Sad and dejected in the midſt of Woes
I trembling ſit, to ſee the ſlaughtring Blows
Of the devouring Sword abroad; the while
Within my Gates pale Famine makes a ſpoil.

21.

My treach'rous Friends have heard how ſadly I
Have mourn'd, but none would to my help draw nigh:
My Foes have likewiſe all my Trouble known,
And greatly joy at what thy Hand hath done:
But thou wilt bring their ſtabliſh'd day at laſt,
And plague them ſorely, who have laid me waſte.

22.

Then let their Sins in their full meaſure come
Before thy Face, and let them have their Doom;
A Doom as ſharp as I have found from thee,
Do unto them as thou haſt done to me:
It's time, O Lord, that thou ſhould'ſt take my part,
And eaſe the Pains of my afflicted Heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

1. Jeremiah *lamenteth the Miſery of* Jeruſalem.
20. *He camplaineth thereof to God.*

1.

HOw hath the Lord forſaken his delight,
And mask'd his *Sion* in the Shade of (Night,
Took from her lovely Brow the awful Crown,
And hath from Heav'n to Earth her Beauties (thrown,
Rememb'ring not in this his wrathful day
The ſacred Temple, where we us'd to Pray.

2.

He ruin'd hath, and utterly deſtroy'd
Thoſe pleaſant Tents, which *Jacob* long enjoy'd:
Thrown down the Holds of *Judah*'s Daughter (round,
And raz'd, and made them level with the (ground:
Yea as a thing unclean hath made the Land,
And all her Princes in his Eye-ſight ſtand.

3.

He in his Fury *Iſr'els* Strength hath quell'd,
And his all-ſiſting-Arm from him with-held
Before the Foe, in his conſuming Ire
Hath *Jacob* waſted with devouring Fire.

4.

To its full bent, like a revengeful Foe,
His ſin'wy-Arm hath drawn the fatal Bow;
And ſlew whate're in *Sions* Tent was known
To be with pleaſure, and delight look'd on.

5.

He, as a Foe, hath *Iſr'els* Land laid waſte,
And all his Forts, and Palaces defac'd:
In univerſal ſorrow *Judah* lies,
Rending the gentle Air with mournful Cries.

6.

He from his Temple hath his preſence took,
Like an unfruitful Garden it forſook:
In Rubbiſh laid his hallow'd Houſe, and thoſe
Scatter'd, who there to ſerve in Courſe were (choſe;
Hath caus'd the ſolemn Feaſts, and Sabbaths too
Of *Sion* to forgotten be, and go
Without their due obſervance; and in's Wrath
The ſacred King and Prieſt, deſpiſed hath.

7.

No mounting Flames upon his Altar riſe;
His Temple hateful is unto his Eyes:
Her Walls within whoſe Guards we us'd to ſtand,
Are given up into the Heathens Hand:
As in a ſolemn Feaſt, their Voices are
Heard in our Courts to rend the ſounding Air.

8.

The Lord hath purpos'd level as the ground
To lay the Walls that compaſs *Sion* round:

And

And hath ſtretch'd out a Line, reſolved on
Her utter Ruine and Subverſion:
Therefore the ſhielding-Rampart, and the Wall
Together ſunk, and to the ground did fall.

9.

Her Braſs-Ribb'd Gates, (which none could ever (wound,)
And Iron-Bars lye broken on the ground:
Her Kings and Princes, who in Purple ſate
Diſpencing Juſtice in her peaceful Gate,
Are Captives now among the Heathen gone;
No Law nor Juſtice in her Gates are known,
Her Prophets find no Viſion from the Lord,
Nor in his Houſe ſounds forth the ſacred Word.

10.

In a deep ſilence on the duſty ground
The Elders ſit, with Woes encompaſt round;
With fulſome Duſt ſtrow'd on each hoary-Head,
And with repenting Sack-cloath covered:
The lovely Maids of *Sion*, who would not
Within their Breaſts admit a ruffling thought,
Preſt down with ſorrow like the Aged go,
With palſi'd Limbs and Heads that downwards (bow.

11.

My ſpungy Eyes, which from their Channels (ne're
Fail'd to aſſiſt me with a moiſtning Tear,
Keep back their kind aſſwaging Dews from me,
Now I ſhould uſe them in my Miſery:

My Bowels tremble to behold the Fall,
And fatal Ruine of my People all,
To hear the little Sucklings make complaint,
Seeking for Food, and as they ſeek it faint.

12.

They to their Mothers ſay with mournful (Voice,
O where's the Corn and Wine that ſhould re- (joyce
Our drooping Souls? In vain for Food they cry,
Fainting they ſink within their Arms and Dye.

13.

Tell me, forſaken *Sion*, tell what thing
Shall I to Witneſs take for thee, or bring,
That can with thee compare? O how ſhall I
Think on a way to eaſe thy Miſery?
No 'tis beyond my Art thy Wound to reach,
For like the Sea, ſo wide and deep a Breach
Thy Sins have made; that to cloſe up thy (Wound,
And make it whole, no Balſome can be found.

14.

Thy Prophets have been buſied with the Wind,
Taught thee according to thy wanton Mind,
They have not as they ought diſplay'd thy Sin,
To turn thee from the Bondage thou art in;
But have pronounc'd inſtead of Truths falſe (Lyes,
Which have enſnar'd thee in theſe Miſeries.

15.

15.

All that paſs by, inſulting o're thy Bands,
Do hiſſing wag their Heads, and clap their Hands;
Saying, is this the City that Men call,
The joy of the whole Earth, and chief of all?

16.

Thy helliſh Foes, joyful to ſee thy day,
As they walk by, do gnaſh their Teeth, and ſay,
What we have look'd for long, proud *Sions*
Is on her now in all its rigour come: (Doom,
Now we her Judgments have both ſeen and
(found,
Sion deſtroy'd, and levell'd with the ground.

17.

VVhat God hath purpos'd in the days of Old,
And by his Prophets long ago foretold,
He hath fulfill'd: unto the Earth hath thrown
Thy ſtately Buildings without pity ſhown:
Nay, he hath made thee to thy Foes a ſcorn,
And over thee exalted hath their Horn.

18.

They cry'd unto the Lord, O *Sions* Wall,
How art thou ruin'd and forſook by all?
Let Tears, like an o'reflowing River, rowl
Down from thy weeping Eyes, and to thy Soul
Give no repoſe, no reſpite to thine Eye,
Let it for ever flow, and ne're be dry.

19.

Ariſe, and cry in the firſt Watch o'th' Night:
Pour out thine Heart like water in the ſight
Of

Of the Almighty; and with Hands lift high,
Implore thy Sucklings Lives, that fainting lye
VVith Hunger in the top of ev'ry Street;
Beg till thou can'ſt with his Compaſſion meet.

20.

See and conſider, Lord, on whom it is,
That thou haſt laid ſo great a Plague as this:
Shall Women eat the tender fruit o'th' Womb,
Their Span-long-Children? Shall thy Houſe (a Tomb
Both to the Prieſt and Prophet now become?

21.

In ev'ry Street the youthful Heads are found,
With the Gray-hairs to kiſs the flinty ground:
Thou haſt my Virgins and my Young-Men all
Slain, and made pit'leſs by the Sword to fall.

22.

As in a Solemn Day thou haſt call'd out
Thy Terrours, and beſet me round about,
So that not one in this thy wrathful Day
Remain'd, or could by Flight eſcape away:
Thoſe that I ſwadled, and brought up, the Foe
Hath now, O Lord, conſumed to my VVoe.

CHAP

CHAP. III.

1. *The Faithful bewail their Calamities.* 31. *They acknowledge God's Juſtice.*

1.

I Am the Man that hath Afflictions known,
By that ſmart Rod which he hath ſent me (down.
2.
Into ſad darkneſs he my Soul hath brought,
And from mine Eyes the chearful Light ſhut (out.
3.
Hath me forſaken, and hath turn'd his Hand
Againſt me, that I now do trembling ſtand.

4.

He hath my tender Fleſh, & Snow-white Skin
Shrivell'd; and broken all my Bones within.

5.

He hath Beſieg'd me, that I can't get free,
Walling me round with dreadful Miſery.

6.

In dark and hideous places hath me put,
As are the Dead, who in the Grave are ſhut,

7.

Hath round about me made ſo ſtrong a Fence,
So weighty made my Chains, I can't get hence.

8.

8.

When I with a loud cry aſſail his Ear,
He ſhuts my Prayer out, and will not hear.

9.

He hath block'd up my ways, made me forſake
The beaten Road, and unknown Paths to take.

10.

Like as a rav'ning Bear, he was to me,
Or as a Lyon lurking ſecretly.

11.

He ſtop'd me, and in pieces did me Tear,
And left me mangled and unpityed there.

12.

He bent his murth'ring Bow, & made me ſtand,
Like a moſt certain Mark to guide his Hand.

13.

He caus'd the winged-Darts from's horned-Bow,
With a ſwift flight into my Reins to go.

14.

I was a ſcorn to all my People, they
Made me the Subject of their Mirth all day.

15.

He hath me fill'd with bitter things, and me
Made drunk with Wormwood, to my Miſery.

16.

He hath me wounded with afflictions ſore,
And me with Aſhes covered all o're.

17.

He alſo hath my Soul remov'd from peace,
And I forget my former happineſs.

18.

18.

And ſaid my Courage, and my ſtrength is fled,
And from the Lord my hope is periſhed.

19.

When I remember all thoſe Sorrows I
Have undergone, and under which I lye.

20.

My Soul keeps them in mind, and for all this
She in my Boſome truly humbled is.

21.

This gives me hopes, that the Almighty will
Be my Defence, and my Preſerver ſtill.

22.

And this muſt ſay, that of his Mercy 'tis,
That we are not conſum'd, becauſe that his

23.

Compaſſions fail not; dayly they increaſe,
And great's to us his Love and Faithfulneſs.

24.

The Lord my Portion is, and therefore I
Will hope in him in all my Miſery.

25.

Good is the Lord, and gracious to thoſe
Who ſeek him, and their Truſt in him repoſe.

26.

'Tis good for Man to wait the leiſure time
Of Gods Salvation, and to truſt in him.

27.

'Tis good for Man, in's Youth his Neck to fit
Unto the Yoke, and to Gods Laws ſubmit.

28.

28.

Us'd to the Yoke, he doth no murmurs vent,
But bears with patience Heaven's puniſhment.

29.

Humbles himſelf, and doth with hopes attend,
When the Almighty will his ſuccour lend.

30.

Reproach'd by thoſe, who do his Ruine ſeek,
Unto their Stroaks he gives his tender Cheek.

31.

Knowing that God wont him forſake, but be
A juſt Avenger of his Injury.

32.

That though he ſend Afflictions, yet at laſt
They, who them ſuffer, ſhall his Mercies taſte.

33.

He takes no pleaſure to chaſtiſe at all,
Or let Afflictions on his Creatures fall.

34.

To cruſh the Fetter'd Pris'ner of the Earth
Under his Feet, to whom he did give Birth:

35.

To turn aſide the Right of any one,
That craves admittance to the ſacred Throne:

36.

To overthrow the Cauſe, that righteous is,
The Lord doth not, nor will approve of this.

37.

Who is't that ſays a thing, and when 'tis brought
To paſs, dares ſay, that Heaven will'd it not?

38.

38.

Out from the ſacred Lips of God can't come
Both Good and Bad, he gives a righteous Doom.

39. (God?

Why then doth Man repine, when ſtruck by
Wer't not for's Sin, he'd never feel his Rod.

40.

Let's ſearch and try our ways, let's turn unto
Our angry God, and ſee what he will do.

41. (high,

Let's, with our Hands, lift up our Hearts on
And thus beſpeak the dreadful Deity;

42.

We all have ſinn'd, we all have Rebels been,
Therefore thou haſt us plagued for our Sin.

43.

With Wrath thou haſt o'rewhelm'd, and clos'd
And made us pit'leſs to thy Fury fall. (us all;

44.

In a thick Cloud thou haſt thy ſelf inſhrin'd,
That through't our Prayers ſhould no paſſage

45. (find.

We are by all men the Off-ſcouring deem'd,
And look'd on as unfit to be eſteem'd.

46.

With open Mouths our Foes their Joys expreſs,
Glad to behold us plung'd in deep diſtreſs.

47.

Fear, and a Snare are come on us, and we
Deſtroyed are with great ſeverity.

48.

48.

Mine Eyes with Rivers of ſalt Tears, guſh out,
For the Deſtruction on my People brought.

49.

Adown my Cheeks they glide, and will not (ceaſe
Till from my troubles he doth me releaſe:

50.

Till that the Lord in mercy will look down,
They'l never ſtop, but Day and Night will run.

51.

My very Heart with grief within me's torn,
To hear the Daughters of my City mourn.

52.

Like as a Bird; ſo am I chas'd by thoſe,
Who are, without juſt cauſe, my mortal Foes.

53.

Into a Dung'on dark they have me thrown,
And over-whelm'd me with a Maſſy-Stone.

54.

Billows of Sorrows o're my Head did paſs,
Then I concluded that I ruin'd was.

55.

I call'd upon thy Name, O Lord moſt high,
Out of the Dung'on in my Miſery.

56.

Unto my Voice thou haſt inclin'd thine Ear,
With-hold not now, and be not deaf, but hear.

57.

Thou, in the day when I did call, drew'ſt near;
Did'ſt anſwer, and command me not to fear.

58.

58.

Thou,& thou only,Lord,maintain'ſt my Cauſe,
And did'ſt my Life redeem from Bloody Paws.

59.

And now, O Lord, ſince thou haſt ſeen my wrong,
Judg thou my Cauſe, it doth to thee belong.

60.

Thou haſt with watchful Eye their Vengeance ſeen,
And all their thoughts, that have againſt me been.

61.

Thou haſt,O Lord,both heard their Scoffs and known
All, that againſt me in their hearts is done.

62.

Unto thoſe Lips, who do againſt me riſe,
Thou art no Stranger, nor to their device.

63.

When they upriſe, or when they lye along,
I am the Subject of their mirthful Song.

64.

Give them,O Lord,their due,and ſpeedy Doom,
Full Cups of Vengeance,let them flowing come.

65.

Let killing Sorrow ſit on ev'ry Heart;
Let not thy Fatal Curſe from them depart.

66.

Purſue; and chaſe them in thine anger, Lord,
And from the Earth deſtroy them with thy Sword.

CHAP. IV.

1. Sion *bewaileth her pitiful eſtate.* 13. *She confeſſeth her Sins.*

1.

HOw is the beamy-Gold grown dim as (Night?
How is the pure Gold chang'd, which was moſt (bright?
How are the Temple-ſtones with dirty Feet
Defil'd, and ſcatter'd into ev'ry Street?

2.

The Noble Men of *Sion*, lik'ned to
The moſt fine Gold, how are they look'd on (now?
But as the Potters handy-work of Clay;
No other Honour, or eſteem have they.

3.

The watry-Monſters ne're deny the Breaſt,
But give their Young the Teat, when they r (queh
My People cruel to their Young Ones are,
Like th' unnatural *Oſtrich*, void of care.

4. (Tongue,

With ſcortching thirſt the tender Suckling's
Cleaves to the vaulted Roof of's Mouth: the
Young

And harmleſs Infants, that can ſcarcely ſpeak,
Ask of their Parents Bread, but none they break.

5.

They, who did uſe on choiceſt Food to feed,
Periſh i'th' Streets, and none their crys do heed:
They who were Rob'd with Cloath of *Tyrian*-Dy,
Naked upon a loathſome Dunghil lye.

6.

My People for their Sins more chaſt'ned are,
Than e're the People of lew'd *Sodom* were:
Their City ſoon conſumed was to th' Ground,
And no appearing Foe Encamp'd it round.

7.

Her *Nazarites*, who were more purely White
Than is the Fleecy Snow, and Milk to ſight,
More Ruddy than the Rubies ever were,
And than the poliſh'd Saphyr, ſhin'd more clear;

8.

So changed are, as to their Faces, now
That one them cannot for their Blackneſs know:
Cloſe to their Iv'ry-Bones their Skin is ſhrunk,
And wither'd like a dead Trees Sapleſs Trunk.

9.

Thoſe, who are killed by the Sword, are far
Better, than they, who ſlain by Famine, are:
For theſe, when ſtricken by it, lingring lye,
And by degrees doe pine away, and Dye.

10.

The half ſtarv'd Mothers forced were to Eat
The Fruit of their own Wombs, for want of Meat,

So much distress'd, and to this dismal pass
Were they reduc'd, when *Sion* ruin'd was.

11.

The Lord his furious Indignation hath
Accomplish'd, and pour'd out his burning (Wrath;
He such a Fire hath in *Sion* made,
As hath in Rubbish her Foundations laid.

12.

The Crowned Heads, and those of meaner (Birth,
That trod the globous-Surface of the Earth,
Would not have thought, that ever any Foe
Should have on *Sion* seiz'd, and brought it low.

13.

For the notorious Sins of those, who were
Her Priests & Prophets, all these Judgments are
Upon her brought, they are the Cause of all
The Purple Blood, that in her Streets did fall.

14.

Defil'd with Blood, which in the Streets they (shed,
Like Blind Men up and down they wandered,
And were so foul, that Men did them detest,
And durst not come to touch their sacred Vest.

15.

The Rabble with a loud *Stentorean* cry
Call'd to the Priests, and bid them thence to fly;
Depart, depart, ye are unclean, said they,
Therefore they fled, and roved Night and Day:

The Heathen follow'd with a dreadful Yell,
And ſaid they ſhould no more in *Sion* dwell.

16.

The Wrath of God hath them diſperſed quite,
He will no more abide them in his ſight:
Becauſe they neither to their Prieſts did give
A due reſpect, nor did their Age relieve.

17.

Whil'ſt we expecting looked towards the Coaſt
Of *Egypt*, waiting for a ſucc'ring Hoſt,
Our gazing Eyes were dim and weary grown,
Looking for help, from whence we could have (none.

18.

From Street to Street they did purſue us ſo,
That we could no where from their Fury go:
Upon our Lives is paſt the fatal Doom,
Our Days are finiſh'd, and our End is come.

19.

Our deadly Foes in Flight much ſwifter are
Than is the quick Wing'd Eagle of the Air:
They have purſu'd us on the Mountains, and
Have waited for us in the Deſart Sand.

20.

The Lord's Anointed in their Nets ~~are~~ *was* ta'ne,
In whom we hop'd, & by their Hands is Slain;
Of whom we ſaid, under his Shaddow we
Shall live ſecure, and from our Fears be free.

21.

Rejoyce, O *Edom*'s Daughter, be thou joy'd,
Who did'ſt inſult, when *Sion* was deſtroy'd:

Thou ſhalt e're-while the Cup of Fury taſte,
Be ſham'd, as She was, and like her laid Waſte.

22.

Thy Woes, O *Sion*, are fulfill'd, no more
Shalt thou be Captive made, as heretofore;
But, O thou *Edom*, Heaven will begin
To viſit thine Offence, and ſhow thy Sin.

CHAP. V.

A pitiful Complaint of Sion *in Prayer to God.*

1.

BE mindful, thou, of all our Woes, whoſe (Throne
In Heaven is: on our reproach look down.

2.

The Land, thou gav'ſt us to Poſſeſs, is Till'd
By Heathens, and our Houſes with them fill'd.

3.

No King we have, our Cities all are left,
As mournful Widows, of their Loves bereft.

4.

We can't fetch Water from the Chryſtal Spring,
Nor Fuel get, unleſs its price we bring.

5.

Our Necks are with a grievous Bondage preſt,
Wearied we are, and can obtain no reſt.

We

6.

We have for Bread implored *Egypts* Aid,
And a firm League with wicked *Aſhur* made.

7.

Our Fathers have tranſgreſt, and are no more;
We their Tranſgreſſions, and our own have bore.

8.

Servants have rul'd, and had o're us command;
None would us free from their imperious Hand.

9.

We ran the hazard of our lives for Meat,
Becauſe the Sword around did for us wait.

10.

Our Skin did black (as is the Oven) look,
Becauſe lank-Famine rag'd in ev'ry nook.

11.

They forc'd the Wives in *Sion*, and in wild,
And burning Luſt their lovely Maids defil'd.

12.

They hang'd our Princes up, and had no care
To honour them, who Prieſts or Aged were.

13.

They made the Young-Men labour at the Mill,
With weighty Burdens did the Children kill.

14.

No Law-diſpenſing-Elder now doth ſit
In *Sions* Gate, nor's Muſick heard in it.

15.

The Joy and Pleaſure of our Heart is fled,
Our Daunce we now in mournful Meaſures Tread.

16.

The State and glory of our Realm is gone,
Wo to us, for our Sins have it undone.

17.

For this our Hearts are Faint, our Griefs increaſe,
And for theſe things our Eyes ne're Weeping ceaſe.

18.

But chiefly for that *Sion* (fam'd of Old
To be thy Joy) is now the Foxes hold.

19.

But why, O Lord, thou ſole Eternal One,
Who haſt an everlaſting ſettled Throne,

20.

Do'ſt thou ſo long forget, and leave us here;
And to our Out-cries wilt not lend an Ear?

21.

Turn thou, Lord, and we ſhall turned be,
And let us have the Days, we once did ſee:

22.

But thou haſt caſt us off; thine angry look
Shows, that thou haſt thy *Sion* quite forſook.

CONCLUSION.

THus hath my Pen through various Troubles paſt,
Traverſt the Woes of *Sion*, and at laſt
Unto the end of her Complaint is come:
Grant that our *Sion* may not find her Doom.

In

In Thee we hope, in Thee we Truit alone,
To thee we fly, save us, Thou Mighty One:
This Favour from our Princes can't be had;
Thou only can'st preserve, and make us glad.

A Prayer for the Church.

ETernal God, to whom all Knees shall bow,
Unto whose goodness we our Beings owe:
How have we all from thy Commandments (gone,
Following our vain Imagination?
Hast thou not seen thy Mercies slighted, all
Thy Laws and Judgments in contempt to fall?
And heard how we, with impious Mouths, have (said,
There is no God, no God who hath us made?
I cannot, Lord, but tremble, when I muse
On these our fearful Sins; nor can I chuse
But burst into a sad and doleful Cry;
What merit we for our Impiety?
We here deserve to feel thy heaviest Doom;
And those eternal Flames i'th' World to come.
But thou, who art an ever gracious God,
To anger slow, unwilling with thy Rod
To grieve the Sons of Men: who ready art
Fully to pardon the returning heart,
But a consuming Fire, that will burn
The Soul that will not be induc'd to turn;
~~Make us sincerely sorrowful for all~~

~~Our~~
Make

Make us ſincerely ſorrowful for all
Our crying Sins, that for thy Vengeance call.
Forgive us all our ſecret, and our known
Tranſgreſſions, which we have againſt thee done:
And grant, that we may willingly no more
Provoke thy furious Wrath, as heretofore.
And ſince our Hearts are in thy Hands, O Lord,
Make them obed'ent to thy Will and Word:
Send into ev'ry Breaſt that peaceful Dove,
Thy holy, and eternal Sp'rit of Love,
To rule and lead us in the way of Peace;
Whoſe end is everlaſting Happineſs.
That, for the future, there may not ariſe
Amongſt us, baneful Animoſities.
Be gracious to thy Church, and ſcatter all
That dayly ſeek and Plot to make her Fall.
Make them to periſh in their ſtrange device,
And never riſe to work her Miſeries.
But let thy Goodneſs, and thy Mercies flow
Upon her Head, & with her always go. (Brow,
And ſince a diſmal Cloud with frowning
Hovers o're thy deſpiſed *Sion* now;
O let thy Goodneſs, a quick-piercing-Ray
Send down, and chaſe this direful Cloud away;
That it upon her may not fall, and we
For our Offences thereby Ruin'd be.
But chiefly, Lord, we here do thee invoke,
To ſave her from *Romes* hateful helliſh Yoke.
Let not that Man of Sin, wh' exalts his Throne
Above the Powers that on Earth are known,

Subject

Subject her to his moſt imperious Sway,
And make her to his Avarice a Prey.
Inſat'ate his Deſigns, and on him lay
The Miſchiefs purpos'd to Her day by day.
Cover with thy out-ſtretched Wings the Great
And Gracious Sov'raign of our Church & State:
In ſpight of thoſe, who rage, and curſing ſtand,
To ſee the Scepter flouriſh in his Hand;
Preſerve his ſacred Life, and make them all,
Who ſeek his Ruine, by his Hand to fall.
Here Crown him with a long and bleſſed Peace,
And, when he Dyes, with endleſs Happineſs.
Bleſs likewiſe thoſe, who at thy Altar ſerve;
Grant that their Lips may right'ous Truths pre-
(ſerve:
Let both their Lives and Doctrins be ſincere,
And let them, like the Stars, ſhine bright and
Bleſs all inferiour Miniſters of State, clear.
Fill them with wholſome Juſtice in the Gate;
Let well weigh'd Judgment from their Mouths
(proceed,
And not the name of Friend or Foe to heed.
Be good to all thy People ev'ry where,
And keep them in thy Faith, and in thy Fear;
Convert the unconverted; make us all
To own one Shepheard, and to know his Call.
Then we thy People, who to thee belong,
From day to day will with a thankful Song
Set forth thy Praiſe, and to the World declare
How great thy Goodneſs and thy Mercies are.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

Occaſions.

By the ſame Hand.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. E.* for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel*-Street in *Covent-Garden*, 1680.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions.

The Sinners Wiſh.

AH could I, Lord, at thy bleſt Hands,
Receive a Freedom from my Bands,
From killing Sins and worldly-Cares,
From future Torments, diſmal Fears,
Were I as certain of thy Love,
As Angels that enjoy't above,
Beauty with her bewitching-Smiles,
VVhich Fetters Millions with her Wiles,
Should ne're embrace me in her Arms,
I'de ſtand unconquer'd at her Charms;
Thoſe wealthy Treaſures of the Shoar,
The coſtly Gems, the glitt'ring Oar,
Theſe I'de contemn upon this ſcore;
That I might Heavens Treaſures know,
And when I dye may thither go,
Say, Lord, the Word and't ſhall be ſo.

On

On Lazarus *rais'd.*

Lord!
THe Grave obey'd, Deaths Bands did fall
Asunder, at thy pow'rful Call,
And all those faithless Lookers on,
Beheld his Resurrection,
Such charming Rhet'rick's in thy Voice,
The Dead Revive, the Sad Rejoyce,
And the lov'd *Laz'rus* did return
From the close Prison of his Urn.
As thou was pleas'd to raise from dust
His senseless Carkass, so I trust
Thou'lt call my Soul from ev'ry Lust.
And from this earthly Prison free
It, to a glorious Liberty.

To Death.

1.

SInce *Adam* sinn'd, and by that fatal Fall,
Gave thee a Sov'raign Power over all,
It is decreed, we must obey thy Call.

2.

To thy dark Cell when thou command'st I'le go,
Since my dear Lord, hath trod that Path, I know
No Terrors I shall meet in th' Shades below.

3.

3.

Pale Fear adieu, go find ſome other Breaſt
For thine abode, ne're think that thou ſhalt reſt
Within my Boſom, I'le have no ſuch Gueſt.

4.

And ſince it is decreed my Body muſt
Return from whence it had it's Birth at firſt,
Pronounce thy Sentence,& diſcharge thy Truſt.

5.

But know thy conq'ring-Dart in time will fly
Into thy cruel-Heart, then thou ſhalt dye,
But ne're with me enjoy Eternity.

6.

Yet I declare thou art my real Friend,
Since from this earthly Priſon thou doſt ſend
My Soul, unto thoſe Joys which have no end.

The Morning Sacrifice.

1.

NO ſooner doth the chearful Light
Diſpel the Horrours of the Night,
But like the Lark my Soul aloft
Mounts to her God, in Notes moſt ſoft
Recounts to Him with great delight,
All her paſt Mercies of the Night.

2.

And ſince thou, deareſt Lord, do'ſt prize
A thankful Heart, ſince in thine Eyes

It is of value ev'ry day,
This grateful Tribute I will pay,
And 'twere a madness since no more
Thou do'st exact, to run o'th' Score.

3.

For, O my Soul, what more befits
Thee to return for benefits,
Than what the Angels do always?
Chant forth his most deserved Praise,
Who ev'ry dawn doth give new Birth
To all thy solid Joys on Earth.

On Reprobation.

1.

I Cannot think my God thou didst create
Some Men on purpose for no happier State
Than endless Torments, which shall know no (date.

2.

Nor dare I own a thought that Christ did dye
Only for Some, not All intention'lly,
These Doctrines I abhor most perfectly.

3.

That Man the noblest of thy Works should be,
By thee design'd for endless Misery,
To shew thy Justice, and thy Sov'raignty.

4.

My Soul shall never entertain a thought
Of so much horrour, of that God who sought
Our Restauration, and redemption bought. 5.

5.

When all along thou promises do'st make,
To all Mankind who will their Sins forsake,
Thou wilt forgive, shall I thy Word not take?

6.

Yes, Lord, I will; though boldly some declare,
Thy known and secret Will so diff'rent are,
When thou say'st live, thou ne're intend'st to

7. (spare.

'Tis strange they should some few dark places
(wrest
To speak their Sense, when, Lord, thou dost pro-
(test
Such thoughts were never harbour'd in thy

8. (Breast.

How vile's that Man whose heart doth not a-
(gree
With's Tongue, good God and just! how is't
(that we,
What Man's asham'd of, attribute to thee?

9.

What in my heart I think, to All I'le tell,
Such contradictions sure can never dwell,
With perfect Purity, their Mansion's Hell.

10.

Were I to represent to th' publick-View
A Devil, Hypocrite, or Trayt'rous Jew,
I would delineate them, as these do you.

11. (ſhow,
What ſtrange preſumption do theſe Gnoſticks
To make as if they did thy Secrets know,
Which none can tell, who doth converſe below?

12.
In thy moſt ſacred Writ 'tis manifeſt
There's none excluded, all Men may be bleſt,
If they are willing, with eternal Reſt.

13.
For thou art good and gracious unto all,
Long-ſuffering to us Sinners, and doſt call
All to repentance, would'ſt have none to fall.

14.
And for this purpoſe Chriſt for all did dye,
He hath affirm'd this Truth who cannot lye,
To doubt of which confronts Divinity.

15.
Moſt ſafe it is to reſt on this belief,
Moſt ſatisfactory, it eaſes Grief,
And yields a poor deſponding Soul relief.

A Meditation on Mans Folly.

LOrd, what a fooliſh thing is Man,
How fond is he of Toys?
How doth he ſpend that little Span
Of his, in empty Joys?

But for that precious Soul of his
He takes no future care,
To fit it for immortal Bliſs,
Such thoughts too ſerious are.
Himſelf to ev'ry pleaſure gives,
And drowns his Soul in Luſt,
In all deſtructive Sins he lives,
Till levell'd with the Duſt.
Give me, O Lord, that pious care
And that obſequious love,
That all my Actions may declare,
I ſeek that place above,
Where we from Sin exempt ſhall be,
From Sorrow, and from Tears,
And where no Trouble we ſhall ſee,
Nor frighted be with Fears.

A Vow.

I Vow, Lord give me grace, no beauteous ſmile,
No Wedg nor Honor ſhall my Soul beguile
From ſtrict obedience, no not all the art
Of the ſeducing Fiend ſhall tempt my Heart,
Though all the Glories of the World ſhould be
Amaſs'd together in one Treaſury,
And by him tender'd, yet I would not bow
To his damn'd Scepter, but I'de keep my Vow.

Deus mi.

BLess me with peace of Conscience,
And in my Soul with innocence,
Love of my God, and dearest Friends,
And my Ambition hath its ends.
This, Lord's the All, I must confess,
I dare on Earth call happiness,
I limit not thy Providence
To act according to my sence:
Dispose of me as thou think'st fit,
And make my Will to thine submit.

Domine Jesu.

1.

THe Vertue of that Balm which did distill
From thy pierc'd side, infuse into my Will,
That thy good pleasure here I may fulfill.

2.

Make me to Thee as to the Center move,
Each thought and act refine, inflame my love
To all thy ways, that I may faithful prove.

3.

And since to thee, the Cross must be my guide,
That joy which made thee, make me to abide
Its weight, till I in Paradise reside.

To

To a young Person that was about to Vow Celibacy.

1 Tim. Chap. 5. Ver. 14.

I will therefore that the younger Women marry, bear Children, guide the House, give none occasion to the Adversary to speak reproachfully.

SHe who her Reason lays aside,
And Superstition makes her Guide,
Can never hope by that false Light,
To do an action that is right.
In all religious Duties know,
Most principally, e're we Vow,
Right Reason should be sought unto.
Those which endure her rigid Test,
Them to embrace and leave the rest.
Then must thou love that state as best,
Which God in *Paradise* hath blest,
There Marr'age took its early Date,
There they began to Procreate.
A single Life He did foresee
Was inconvenient, Multiply

Gen. 1. 28. 1. 22.

The great Creator did command,
And what he Wills none should withstand.
Had not his Wisdom lik'd by far
The marryed Life, though link'd to care,
As tending to a nobler end
Than Celibacy can pretend,
Thy Sex had never had its Birth,
Thy Being was to Man the Earth,
And not to live a strict Recluse
Neither to God or Man of use.
Is it in thee a pious part,
The great Design of Heav'n to thwart,
To vow a Virgin cloister'd Life,
Since thou art fit to be a Wife?
No, 'tis an impious act in thee,
Being young, to vow Virginity;
'Tis, though Devotion's the pretence,
'Gainst God and Nature an offence.
For, whatsoe're thou thinkest, sure
Destructive Vows God can't endure;
And none can more destructive be
Than those of Cloister'd Chastity.
Should all thy Sex be of this mind,
The Peopled Earth would quickly find
Its self bereft of either Kind.
Of Millions now, a He, or She,
In one short Age there would not be.
Then think not on so rash a Vow,
Which aims at Ruine, quickly now

Be thou a Pros'lyte to that ſtate,
For which God did thy Sex create,
And be not tempted to do ill,
By a miſguided Zeal, or Will,
To undertake what cannot be
Safely reſolved on by thee.
Perchance thou fondly think'ſt that they
Who married are want time to Pray,
And exerciſe their Piety;
This is a great miſtake in thee,
They have their times of Vacancy.
'Tis true, ſo long they cannot be
As Sanctimon'aliſts on the Knee,
Becauſe attended with more care,
And bus'neſs than the Cloyſter'd are;
Yet this their care their duty is,
Time ſo imploy'd doth lead to Bliſs,
And is no bar to Happineſs.
Religion's active, hates a Drone,
Who buzzing ſpends each day alone
In Pray'r and Contemplation.
Both fitting duties to be done,
Great Pillars of Religion,
But ſhe who wholly reſts on theſe,
Though ſhe may fancy what ſhe pleaſe,
Spends but her days in idleneſs.
So lives the lazy Nun, the Wife
Who truly virtuous is, a Life
Devouter leads than any ſhe
Who vows Recluſe Virginity.

No sullen humour clouds her mind,
Nor superstitious Zeal doth blind
Her Reason, so much to despise
That state, which Heaven dignifies.
Her God she honours, honours too
Her Husband, as she ought to do.
Hazards with an undaunted mind,
Her Life to propagate her kind.
Shuns not the World, nor bus'ness here,
But walks in both with so much care,
That neither proves her Conquerour.
And though Temptations do around
Beset her Soul, she keeps her ground.
Sure such a courage bears away
The Palm from her who shuns the fray;
And out of fear to be o'recome,
Within close Walls her Life doth doom.
Too tedious 'twere to tell the ways,
And pious actions of her days,
She loves, industrious is, obeys,
Each morn she brings a Sacrifice
Of Pray'r and Thanks, before her Eyes
Close up at Night a holy Flame
Dissolves her Soul in Pray'r again.
Nor doth the duty of the day,
From Heaven steal her heart away;
For while her hands most busied are,
In managing her house-affair,
She breaths a short, yet grateful Pray'r.

Such

Such grapple Blessings, prove more strong
Than cloyster'd Pray'rs a whole day long,
They mount, and with a quicker Wing
To all her Wants fresh Succours bring
Than a more tedious Offering.
And for the good of all Mankind,
As full and quick returns do find.
Thus lives the virtuous Wife, and so
Thou, being young, should'st marry too,
And live, as she's describ'd to do.
For, 'tis not good to live alone,
Two being better much than one
In Health, or sad Affliction. Eccl. 4. 9, 10.
In the chaste, blessed Nuptial Twine,
Woman gives much a brighter shine,
More good Examples in that State
Shows, than the fruitless Celibate.
To God more grateful presents gives,
Holy'r, and full as chastly lives
(If not much more) than any She
Immur'd within a Nunnery.
I'le say no more — but chuse that Life,
Which God approves off, be a Wife.

Justice.

JUstice should all our Actions steer,
It our embodied Souls will rear.
Above the reach of anxious Fear.

When

When Death our earthly-Frame destroys,
'Twill crown our Souls with perfect Joys,
'Twill free our Bodies from the Grave,
That they a Resurrection have,
And safely seat us in that Bliss
Which fades not, but eternal is.

The Prodigal Son.

1.

WHile lib'ral Fortune did dispense
Her Favours, in great affluence,
And his beloved God, his Chest,
Deny'd his Ryots no request,
He like a frantick-Beast did run
The Stages of Destruction.

2.

But when a total emptiness
Did his consumptive Bags possess,
His Belly pinch'd, his Treasure gone,
He then consider'd what he had done,
And to his Father goes in haste,
Implores forgiveness for what's past.

3.

Thus want a reformation wrought,
And the luxurious Youth was taught,
To chuse the good, with care to shun
Those Follies he so doted on.
O happy change! which made him know
The danger which he ran into.

Thou

Thou didſt hide thy Face and I was troubled.

WHen from my ſinful Soul that glorious (Sun,
Thy bleſſed Spirit, Lord, was forc'd to run,
Soon did the actions of my Life betray
The want of that pure Light, then did I ſtray
In thoſe dark Regions, where no heav'nly Ray
Affords one lightſom glance to guide my way.
Immortal God! in what a diſmal caſe
Was my poor Soul, when thou withdrew'ſt thy (grace?

As in a Garden the enamell'd Flow'rs,
When the Sun's mask'd with ſullen Clouds or (Show'rs,
Cloſe up their Leaves, and ſad and penſive look
To miſs that warmth which from his Beams (they took,
Till he again doth dart a liv'ning Ray,
Their Beauty fades, and ſweetneſs doth decay;

So when thy Beams of Mercy thou didſt quite
Vail from my Soul, what an *Egyptian*-Night
Did cover it, how did its Beauty fade
And Glory wither in that diſmal Shade?
But when again that Sun-ſhine did appear,
Which doth inſpirit all our actions here,
My Soul forthwith reviv'd, and vows to ſing
Perpet'al Hallelujahs to my King.

On Mary Magdelene *weeping.*

THe Scene is chang'd, that lovely Grace
Which late triumphing in her Face,
Which whoſoe're beheld, ſtreight found
The Darts of Love his Soul to wound,
Grief hath o're-caſt; thoſe wanton Eyes,
Whoſe Glances challeng'd Victories,
Shed penitent Show'rs, and that Hair,
Each Curl of which did prove a Snare
To fetter Youth, diſhevel'd lyes,
And ſerves for Towels to thoſe Eyes,
Which over-flow with happy Tears,
Whoſe drops gain'd Heav'n, and calm'd her Fears

On the ten Lepers made clean.

THe ten were heal'd, and all but one
Unthankful prov'd, for what was done,
You may as well confine the Wind
To conſtancy, as think to bind
With kindneſs an ungrateful Mind;
Yet when afflictions preſſt them ſore,
How ready were they to implore
Their Saviour's help, his Croſs once o're
They never thought upon him more.

Good

Good God! that mercies oft ſhould prove
Deſtructive Rocks to Shipwrack Love!

Riches and Beauty are deceitful, but a faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life.

1.

THat glittering Idol moſt adore,
Within her Temple others may
Pay their Devotions, I ne're more
Will Idolize what will deſtroy;
What though ſhe wealthy Treaſures plead,
Gold-Chains will unto Torments lead.

2.

Beauty ſhall ne're my Soul debaſe,
Under that form there oft do ly
A rotten Soul, though lovely Face,
Full of miſ-ſhap'd deformity,
Scarce one of thouſands can we find
Who lovely is, in Shape, and Mind.

3.

'Tis not a Fabrick rear'd on high,
Nor Riches that can eaſe the Mind,
'Tis not a lovely Face, nor Eye,
Wherein we can contentment find,
'Tis none of all theſe things, that can
Yield ſolid comforts to a Man.

4.

It is a faithful-hearted-Friend,
Whose kindness to me knows no date,
Though Poverty should be my end,
Scorns to convert his Love to hate,
Who when I sin will always be
A Faithful Monitor to me.

5.

Unto whose breast I dare commit
A secret, safe as in my own,
Who ne're will in angry fit
Betray his Trust to any One,
Nor from my Interest will be
Withdrawn by Frowns or Flattery.

6.

If such a Friend I chance to find,
I'le Center all my Joys in this --
I have a Jewel to my mind,
There's not on Earth a greater Bliss,
Ambition may eck on desire,
Mine here shall rest, and soar no higer.

The Sensualist.

ALL that below this heav'nly Orb doth (move,
For Man was made, and so ordain'd above.
What reason is there that he should deny
Himself the Pleasure, to content his Eye?

Woman

Leſt this my brittle Houſe of Clay,
With my immortal Soul, a Prey
Becomes to him the damn'd obey.

4.

O let thy Love procure for me
An eaſier Fate, than Miſery,
'Tis juſt in thee, my God, I know,
Since unto Satan's Lure I bow,
Not to exalt, but caſt me low.

5.

Low as that Pit of Horrours, where
The Damned Howl, and tortur'd are,
Where 'midſt thoſe Flames which them torment,
Which ever Blaze, but ne're are ſpent,
They day and night their Curſes vent.

6.

Although my Sins theſe Flames deſerve,
Yet from their laſting Heats preſerve
My trembling Soul, this I implore;
Except the ſame thing o're and o're,
I know not what to ask Thee more.

God's Goodneſs and Man's Folly.

WHen trembling Duſt with awful fear
Unto thy Throne of Grace draws near,
And in an humble poſture brings
To Thee his Catalogue of Sins;

No sooner he imparts his Grief,
But thou afford'st thy quick Relief,
And with forgiveness ready art
To ease the Sorrows of his Heart.
Yet rather than we will forgo
Some short-liv'd-Pleasures, endless Wo
We fondly Court, and slight that Love
Which will at length our Ruine prove.
Whereas would we obey thy Will,
Not suffering ours to have their fill;
If we thy Laws would not refuse,
Nor Favours willingly abuse,
We should enjoy that happiness,
The glorious Saints in Heav'n possess.

An Admonition.

1.

SOul let thy Contemplation be
On Heaven and Eternity,
To fix thy thoughts on this base Earth,
Becomes not Thee of heav'nly Birth.

2.

Since all these worldly-Glories quite,
Will (like thy empty Dreams i'th' Night)
Vanish e're thy bright Morn doth break,
Why should'st thou pleasure in them take.

3.

3.

When the laſt dreadful Trump ſhall all
(With its ſhril Voice) to Judgment call,
Thoſe who their God this World did make,
Muſt not of heav'nly Joys partake.

4.

The Crown of Glory only ſhall,
As a Reward to Virtue fall,
It never ſhall the Temples bind
Of thoſe, who earthly things did mind.

The Penitent.

1.

I Who that precious time which thou haſt lent,
Have, deareſt God! in ſinful courſes ſpent;
I, who have choſe to feed on Husks with Swine,
Rather than live under thy Rules Divine;
I, thy ungracious Son, unto thee, home
With bleeding heart & weeping Eyes do come,
Aſham'd that I ſo miſerably have
Miſpent thoſe Favours, which thy bounty gave.

2.

And yet what reaſon have I to preſume,
That e're thy Lips will paſs a gentle Doom
On my rebellious Life, ſince it hath been
wholly devoted to the ways of Sin?
No, I in Juſtice cannot think thou'lt own,
Such an ungrateful Wretch to be thy Son,

Whose wanton Ear would never yield to hear,
The wholsome counsels of a Parent dear.

3.

But, O my Father! by that pow'rful word,
Look on thy humbled Creature, and afford
Some glimps of Comfort to my troubled mind;
And as thou stil'st thy self to be a kind
And gracious Father, be thou so to me,
Forgiving him who truly turns to Thee.
Look not upon me with a rig'rous Eye
Of Justice, but of Mercy, lest I dye.

A Prayer before the Sacrament.

THou, God, who always tak'st delight to be
Conferring good on those who trust in (Thee;
Who from thy Bosome (by eternal Doom)
Did'st send thy Son (from whence all Joys do (come)
To take our nature on him, and to dy
Th' accurs'd death for our Impiety,
Let me adore Thee for this mighty Love;
For this, my Soul, do thou obedient prove.
And grant, dear Lord, that I, who humbly now
Approach thine Altar, to remember how,
And what Christ suffer'd, may of Thee obtain
Those dear-bought Mercies, which his Death did gain.

I muſt confeſs, when I conſider, Lord,
How I have ſinn'd againſt thy ſacred Word,
How oft I have refus'd to come and eat,
When I was ſummon'd to this heav'nly Treat,
I have not left within my troubled Breaſt,
A glimm'ring hope to be a welcome Gueſt.
Yet ſhould I ſtill abſent, ſhould I forbear
T'approach thy Table, where ſuch offers are,
How can I ever hope, dear Chriſt, to be
Partaker of thy Love and Victory?
No I muſt never think thou'lt own me, when
Thou ſits in Judgment on the Sons of Men.
Therefore to thee, my God, I come, and bring
My Soul and Body, for an Offering.
Vouchſafe that at thy Hands they may a kind
And gracious entertainment this day find:
And be enabled by thy Grace to move
In the delightful Steps of holy Love.
Let not my Sins of Youth, or riper Years,
Engage thee to forſake me, to my Tears
Have ſome regard, and let me now partake
Of thy Sons Mercies, for his merits ſake.

Amen, and *Amen*.

A Farewell to the World.

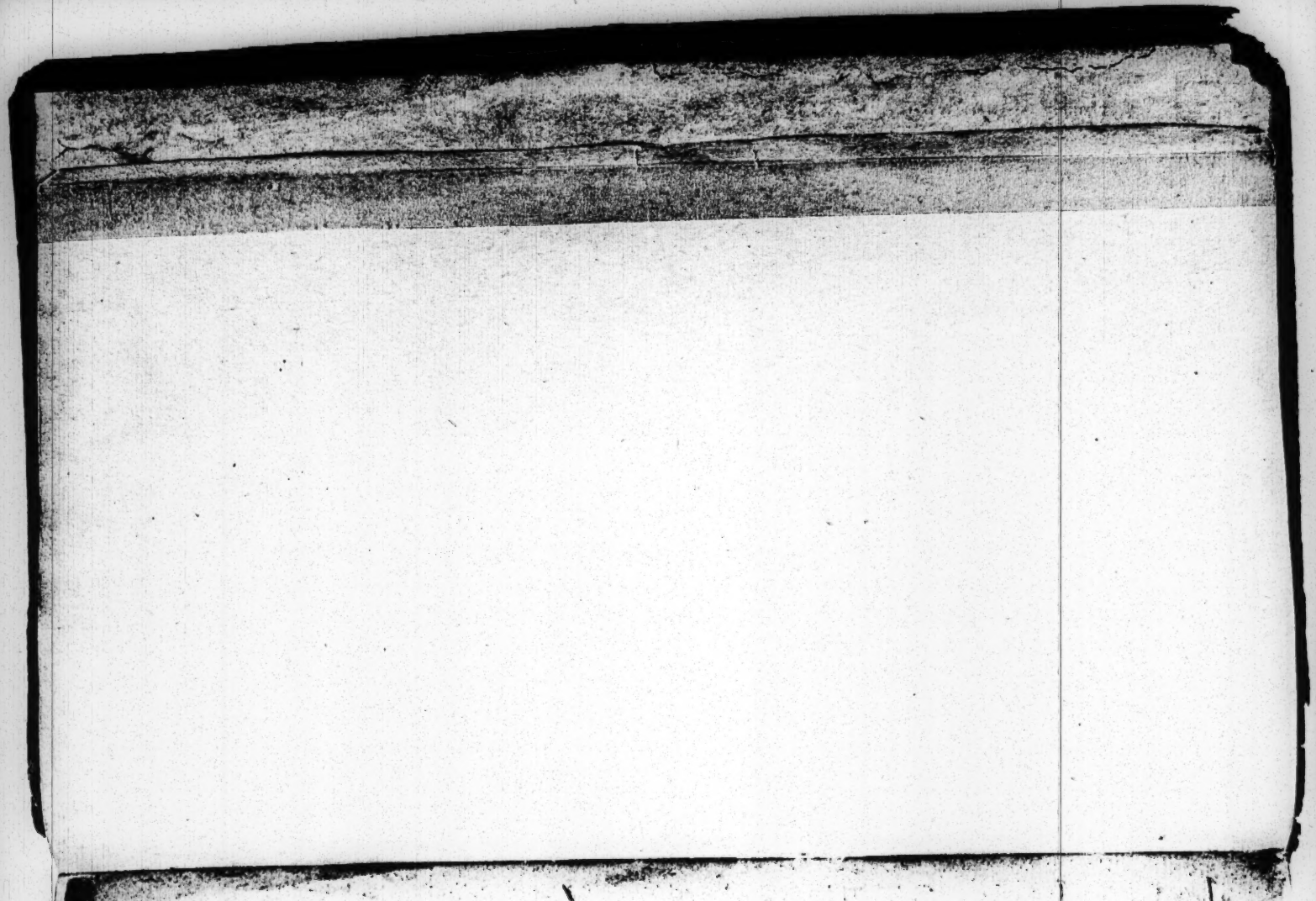
THou glorious Nothing, now adieu,
I'le be no more a Slave to you:

Hence-

Hence-forward all my time will I
To a more ſerious Court apply.
Heaven and all its Joys above
Shall be the Object of my Love,
And ſtudy of my Life each day,
Till I my borrow'd Earth repay.
And thou immortal God, who art
The rightful Sov'raign of my Heart,
Diſpoſe my Thoughts and Actions now,
Strictly to keep this ſacred Vow.
Thou know'ſt what mighty Foes they are,
I muſt engage with in this War:
The World, on one hand, will be ſure
To bring its Glories to allure;
And its Temptations will combine
To ſhake this firm Reſolve of mine.
My Fleſh will all its vigour ſhow,
To make me to its Dictates bow.
And the induſtr'ous-wily-Fiend,
Againſt me all his Pow'rs will bend.
Forces too great to be withſtood,
By a Compound of Fleſh and Blood.
Needs muſt I Faint, and be ſubdu'd,
Unleſs with heav'nly force indu'd.
Yet I am fully bent to try
Their Strength, and Fight them till I dye,
And do not doubt but at my Death,
To have the never-fading-Wreath.

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

FINIS.



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